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The
IDEAL
PICK-ME-UP

START THIS STORY AND YOU WILL WANT TO READ EVERY PAGE IN THIS FINE MAGAZINE . . .



HENRY MORGAN : bloodthirsty buccaneer ; pitiless pirate ; brilliant general ; able administrator ; knight by the shrewd, cynical gesture of Charles Stuart—typical of his whole reign ; heir of the more magnificent pirates of an earlier age—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher—whose dross, lingering ray of Elizabethan splendour still gilds until, at the close of his life, he seemed transmuted into true gold. . . .

Henry Morgan : hero of a thousand tales of our youth ; tales full of monstrous distortion and frantic exaggeration which yet fell woefully short of the monstrous and frantic reality. . . .

Henry Morgan. . . .

He was the super pirate in an age of piracy—piracy that was the outcome of high patriotism, high endeavour, high adventure—and low practice.

The arrogance of Spain, that claimed as her “divine” right the exploitation of the New World, evoked an opposition that manifested itself primarily in raids during the sixteenth century. The raiders organised. The buccaneers were born.

Doubloons, ducats, guldens, thalers, florins—what if they cost the devastation of a fruitful plain ; the life of a soldier ; the pang of a sick woman in her bed ; the last cry of a child ? What if they cost a wall—a palisade—of humanity ?

They were the supreme gamblers, these pirates, who staked their lives against fantastic odds with every breath they drew.

For the odds were fantastic. The Catholic majesty of Spain received its death-stroke at the joint hands of the wind and Francis Drake when the Invincible Armada belied its magniloquent name—but it was an unconscionable time a’ dying. The death-stroke struck at the Spanish heart, but the limbs of the empire flung across the Atlantic lived on with a vivid, virile, vital life of their own. There were soldiers, priests, governors, fortifications, sentinels.

And Spain was never at peace. Even when the conquests were subjugated, even when the chancelleries of Europe were still, the hounds of the buccaneers were always straining at the leash to spring at an outpost’s throat.

To Spanish headquarters the silence of sentinels on land or sea never had a clear and definite meaning. For all they knew, they might be peacefully clustered round the camp-fire, calmly patrolling the sea, watching—in vain—for an hypothetical enemy . . . or they might be in the hands of the pirates, bound and gagged, dying by starvation, torture, even terror, or sudden steel.

* * *

HENRY MORGAN was born in Wales. He was the son of a rich farmer. He refused to follow his father’s calling. He abandoned the placid life of his tidy, native land. The irresistible fascination of the unknown drove him to the coast to seek adventure.

He enlisted as a seaman on a boat bound for the Isle of Barbados, his mind full of undefined dreams. He watched—without regret—the scarped heights of the Cambrians dwindle into vanishment.

He had sought the unknown. He found it.

As soon as he went ashore, he was sold as a slave by the captain who had given him employment.

At that time this was a common practice in that part of the world—almost a proper practice. Every nation did the same thing—even with their own respective subjects. The captains were considered honest traders.

They were not—*pirates*.

Morgan, even in his youth a realist, patiently served his time. Eventually he managed to obtain his freedom. After such a lesson, another man would have remembered with nostalgic desire the paternal farm and the peaceful thatch of cottage, the blue plumes of the chimneys, “the gentle rustic gruffness and the lowing of the kine” of his native Wales. But Morgan went to the island of Jamaica. He took a great interest in two vessels belonging to a gang of pirates. He fraternised with them. He learned their mode of living. He admired the *esprit de corps* which was the principal feature of their organisation.

At last he had found his own atmosphere.

Above all, there was no fear of treachery from within. There was an honour among these thieves of the sea which put to inglorious shame the *Punica fides* he had experienced amongst traders.

Three or four successful voyages with them flung into high relief his qualities as a leader. He formed a company and bought a ship. He was unanimously elected commander.

His career had begun You must read it all in “*The Knighthood of a Pirate*,” written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

You’ll have these to read, too:

FIFTY YEARS AGO: No. 11. Pageantry of the Past.

“COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS” by Cosmo Hamilton.

BEHIND HAREM WALLS by Baroness Sophie de Buxhoeveden.

TWENTY MILES UP by Ferdinand Tuohy.

“CORKSCREW NUMBER 57” by James Francis Dwyer.

TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER by C. Patrick Thompson.

“A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS” by Geoffrey Moss.

HOLLYWOOD EATS by Margaret Chute.

“THE CINDERELLA DOG” by Hannen Swaffer.

“FIDELITY” by Allen Swinton.

NO TWO ROOMS ALIKE by Winifred Lewis.

BOOKS Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.

DRAMATIZE YOUR HOME.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY by “Chrysis.”

“MARITA BETS A BET” by Stenson Cooke.

NEWS IN BATHROOMS.

THE BUSYBODY’S NOTEBOOK.

FASHIONS by Jean Burnup.

WHAT MY HOME MEANS TO ME by Owen Nares.

NOOKS FOR BOOKS IN THE HOME.

THE MODERN NURSERY by Basden Butt.

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MY COOK TELLS ME by Anne Drewe.

MOToring SECTION by The Earl of Cardigan.

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NOVEMBER 1934



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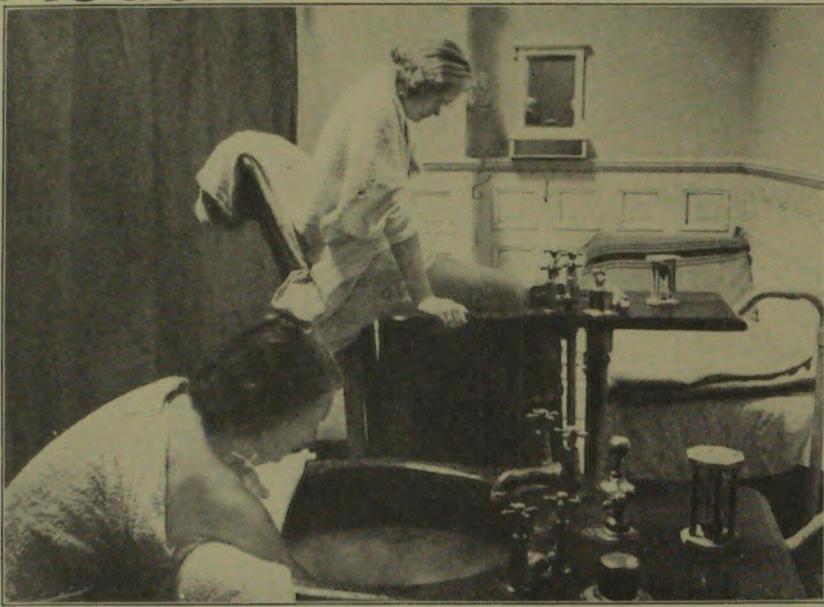
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1934.



MELBOURNE'S SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE, WHOSE DEDICATION THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ARRANGED TO ATTEND, ON ARMISTICE DAY: A MONUMENT TO "THE MEN AND WOMEN OF VICTORIA WHO SERVED . . . IN THE GREAT WAR."

The Duke of Gloucester has arranged to attend on Armistice Day (November 11) the dedication of the Victorian National War Memorial at Melbourne. A general view of it appears on "Our Notebook" page, while on pages 758 and 759 we show how a shaft of sunlight, through an aperture in the roof, falls each year

on the Rock of Remembrance during the Armistice ceremony. Above is seen exterior sculpture by Paul Montford. The inscription reads: "This monument was erected by a grateful people to the honoured memory of the men and women of Victoria who served the Empire in the Great War of 1914-1918."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE only really irritating thing about irreverence is that it is irrelevance. It is a sort of wink which is unworthy, not because it is flippant, but because, in shutting one eye, it shuts out half the picture. And that sort of half-sight always has something that suggests the half-wit. Even when it is very occasionally witty, it is still somehow half-witted. For it is the attitude of somebody refusing to come into contact with the whole reality of a cosmos, or a conception of a cosmos. It is always trying to be very pointed, but it never really sees the point. Indeed, there is a common phrase for that rather cheap sort of cheek which does happen to express the point both verbally and logically. It is very rightly called impertinent, because it is not pertinent.

Any serious theory of things must be, in one way or another, a theory of the relation between great things and small things.

The man who refuses to see anything except the small things is refusing to see all that there is to be seen. This applies to almost anything worth calling a moral philosophy; and certainly to many other moral philosophies besides that which happens to be mine. Indeed, under modern conditions, it is rather easier to discuss some moral philosophy that does not happen to be mine. Thus in the first volume of Mr. H. G. Wells's Autobiography, he tries rather laboriously to shock us, with a sort of angry jeering at the sacramental system; but I do not propose specially to discuss that system. I prefer to point out here that the method is inept as applied to any system. The sacramental idea involves a sort of mystical marriage between spiritual and material things. And, of course, anything that is material may be considered in some aspects trivial. But this is generally true of any cosmic conception concerned with the relation of great things and small things.

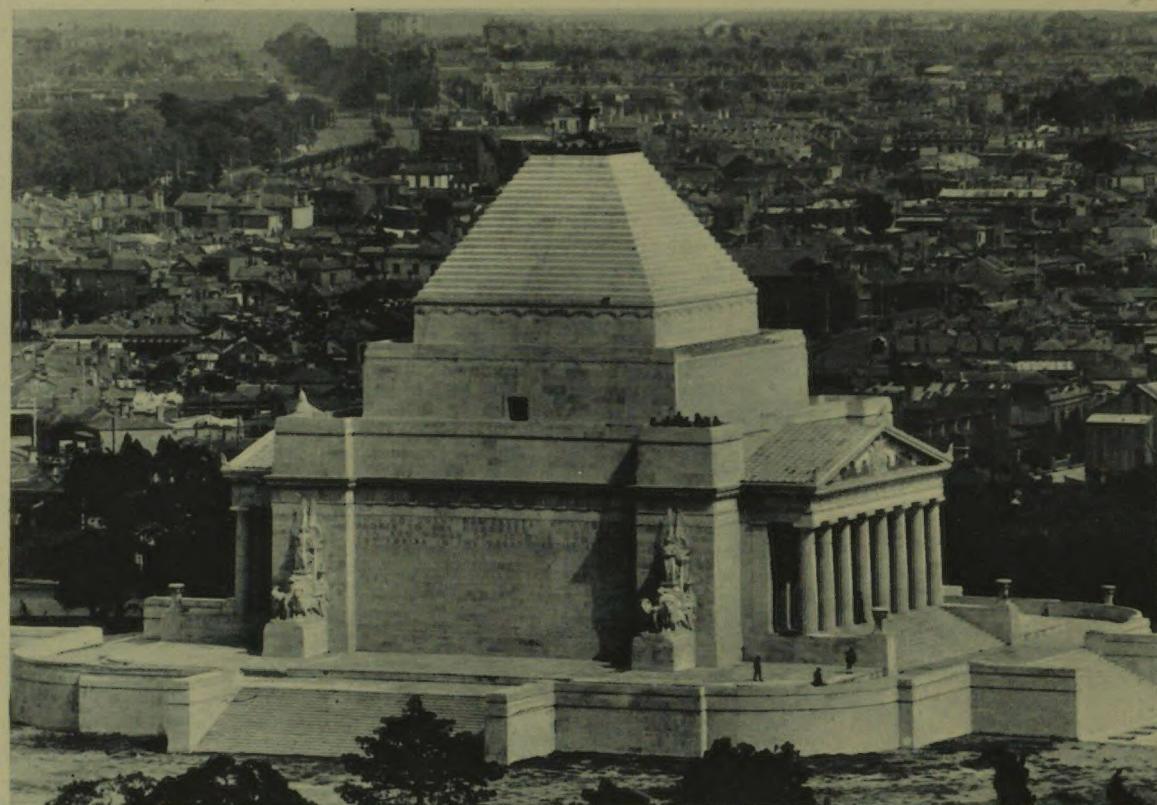
It is obviously a truth, but equally obviously only a half-truth, to say that baptismal water is only water, or that sacramental wine is only wine. But it is also a truth, and also a half-truth, to tell the scientist that he is studying, not life, but a green greedy plant that feeds on mud; or to tell the artist that he is admiring, not beauty, but a rag and a bone and a hank of hair. Suppose we take the sort of cosmic philosophy that is perhaps nearest to that of Mr. Wells himself; the sort of Creative Evolution which was worked out in plays like "Man and Superman" and "Back to Methuselah." For Mr. Wells's religion almost entirely agrees with Mr. Shaw's religion; though Mr. Wells does not always entirely agree with Mr. Shaw. The believer in Creative Evolution is always declaring that its might and majesty appear in the most minute changes or the most microscopic creatures. In one of Mr. Shaw's plays, the philosopher addresses pages of appeal or approbation to some infinitesimal insect, invisible to everybody but himself; something the size of a pin's-head that has yet begun to stir with life. But it would be very vulgar and silly to tell the evolutionary philosopher that he only had a taste for the low company of fleas

and lice. The whole point and paradox of that philosophy, or almost any philosophy, is that it is a meeting-place of great things and small things. It is infantile, or rather imbecile, merely to go on repeating that the small things are small.

I do not set myself up here as a judge of the judgment or taste that Mr. Wells shows in these curious, intermittent outcries against the Christian mysteries. But I am quite certain that I should not like to talk in that way about the Buddhist mysteries or the Moslem mysteries. I should hold myself free to reason respectfully against the negative or quietist quality expressed in the image of Buddha in a trance. But it would give me no particular satisfaction to say that a fly might settle on his nose. I should hold myself free to make any fair and decent case against a fanatical simplification in the mind of the Moslem

As a matter of fact, some of the grandest effects of the humorous, even apart from the serious, arise from the conjunction of the trivial and the tremendous truth, and not merely from the study of the trivial. It is often said, by the cheaper and more cynical school of psychologists, that all laughter is connected with some idea of indignity. The psychologists can hardly be philosophers, let alone logicians, or it might dawn on them that all indignity is connected with some idea of dignity. In this sense, it is truly possible to have a kind of irreverence that is always connected with some idea of reverence. Some of the wisest and wittiest things, said by men even on the mystical side of the controversy, have had that double or ironic character. But the dull flippancies with which I am dealing here have nothing of that character. They are entirely hostile and inhumane; they have no human feeling in them, except a kind of acrid anger. They are intended, not to broaden the joke, but to belittle and narrow the subject of the joke. And I confess I think they are a poor entertainment, and a considerable waste of time, for men of real intellect and imagination.

From a strictly logical standpoint, one very common form of this fallacy is the fashion of dealing with supernormal or preternatural events, or alleged events, whether they are Spiritualistic phenomena or Christian Science cures, or traditions of an older and, I cannot but think, a mellower Christianity. Whatever may be said of any of these things, whether in the matter of objective proof or subjective preference, it is not really a case against them that some of them can be represented as grotesque, or even that some of them are grotesque. It is the common experience of life that there is something fantastic and disproportionate about the way in which the highest elements fit into our merely animal life; and it is not self-evident, in the abstract, that there could be no such incongruities in our psychical life. In this connection,



SHOWING THE OUTER APERTURE FOR AN "EYE OF LIGHT" TO TOUCH THE ROCK OF REMEMBRANCE WITHIN, AT THE ARMISTICE HOUR EACH YEAR FOR EVERMORE: THE VICTORIAN WAR MEMORIAL AT MELBOURNE, WHOSE DEDICATION THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IS TO ATTEND ON THIS YEAR'S ARMISTICE DAY.

On pages 758 and 759 a large photograph shows a shaft of sunlight falling on the Rock of Remembrance in the Victorian War Memorial at Melbourne, through apertures left in the outer and inner walls and so placed that (as explained in an accompanying note) the beam will touch the rock at the Armistice hour each year for thousands of years to come. In the above photograph the outer aperture is the small black spot at the edge of the roof towards the right, not the larger square opening below. The Pantheon at Rome is lit by a single aperture (30 ft. in diameter) in the centre of the dome. The Melbourne monument, which has cost £250,000, has been compared in its general form with the ancient Mausoleum (Tomb of Mausolus) at Halicarnassus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Above the Doric porticos are statuary groups symbolising respectively "The Call of the Sword" and "The Homecoming." The memorial occupies a commanding site near the river Yarra, and is visible throughout the city and from Port Phillip Bay.

fakir when he rushes on the knives or flings himself on the sand. But I should not think it adequate to say that, after lying prone in the desert dust, with his face towards Mecca, his face would probably want washing. It is not appropriate, because it is not commensurate; it is not on the scale of the things with which his spirit is concerned. It consists, as I have said, in winking the other eye and not seeing the other half of the picture; or even the other half of the equation. All philosophers, sceptical or mystical or both, are working at that immense algebraic equation, and trying to find the exact relation indicated by saying that $x=y$. For one school, x may be only the unknown quantity; and y , by a sort of pun, may appear as a sort of question. For another, there may be an answer as well as a question, and the x may have a meaning, as it has in the shorter form of Xmas. But both mathematicians are bound to deal with both signs. Neither has found even a negative solution if it does not cover both sides of the equation. And to think about the relation of life and lice by thinking about the lice and not about the life is really to refuse to think about either.

I would suggest another and lesser criticism of Mr. Wells. He has a very just tribute to the greatness of Thomas Huxley, who should remain in literature even apart from science. But he misunderstands one reasonable point that has been made against Huxley, in merely talking contemptuously about Mr. Whippersnapper, who can refute the great biologist by biological discoveries made since his time. The case against Huxley is not that he did not study the undiscovered facts which he obviously could not study. It is that in some cases he flatly refused to study the facts that it was his avowed business to study. He said he would not even enquire into psychic phenomena, as he would not listen to the talk of curates and old women. But if any psychological problem were involved, it was his business to listen to curates and old women, whose talk is at least as witty as that of fossils or frogs. I do not think the less of Huxley for being human, and in this particular case I rather sympathise with his moral distaste; but it does show that he was not always scientific.

MELBOURNE ACCLAIMS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER:
THE VICTORIAN CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS ROYALLY INAUGURATED.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH MELBOURNE: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S CARRIAGE CROSSING PRINCE'S BRIDGE—A PHOTOGRAPH (LIKE THE REST) BROUGHT TO ENGLAND BY CATHCART JONES AND WALLER IN THEIR RECORD FLIGHT.



MELBOURNE ILLUMINATED ON AN UNPRECEDENTED SCALE DURING THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS INAUGURATED BY THE DUKE: A SKY-LINE OF FLOOD-LIT BUILDINGS SEEN ACROSS THE WATER.



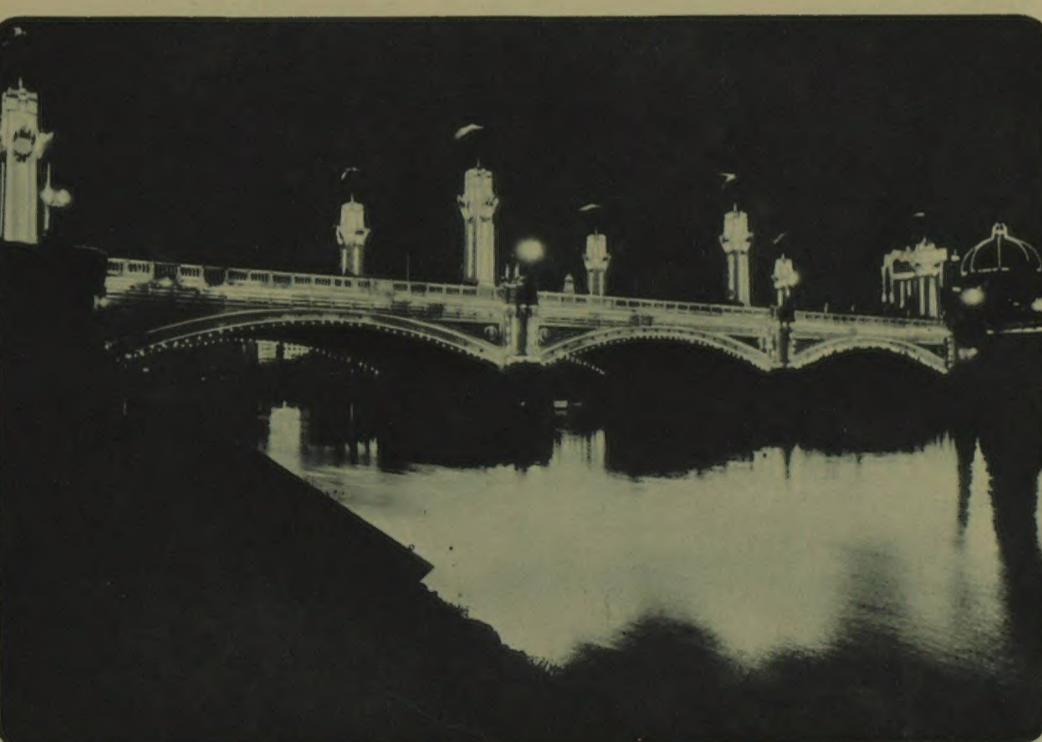
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF THE ROYAL HUSSARS) READING THE KING'S MESSAGE BEFORE OPENING THE CELEBRATIONS: THE SCENE AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT BY FLOOD-LIGHTS: A CENTRE OF BRITISH RULE ESTABLISHED IN A REGION WHICH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO WAS "ALMOST UNKNOWN AND UNEXPLORED."



THE BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, DURING THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.



CENTENARY ILLUMINATIONS IN MELBOURNE, WHICH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER COMPARED, FOR BEAUTY AND DIGNITY, WITH "THE FAIREST OF OUR HOME CITIES": A FLOOD-LIT BRIDGE.

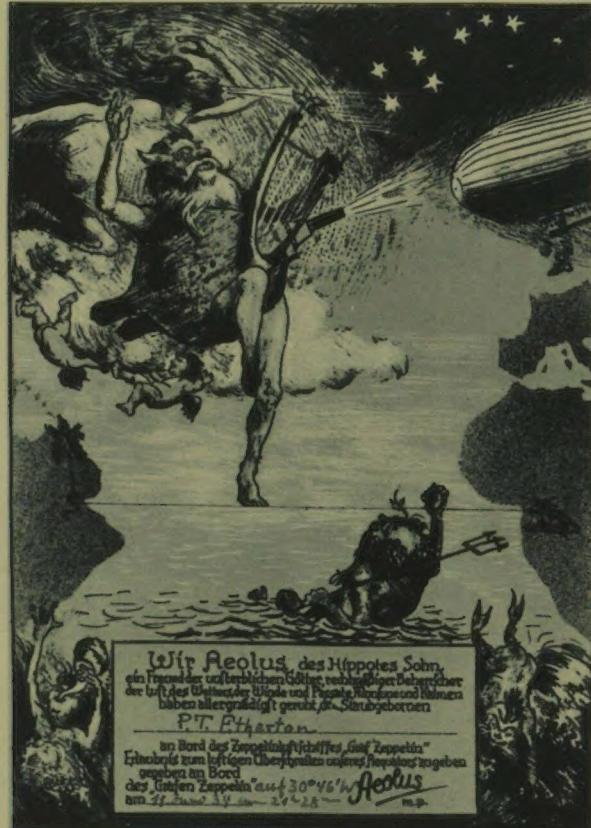
The Duke of Gloucester landed at Port Melbourne, from H.M.S. "Sussex," on October 18, and drove in procession to the city through cheering multitudes along a six-mile route. At the Town Hall, responding to the City Council's greeting, he compared Melbourne with "the fairest of our home cities which trace their history for more than 1000 years." At Parliament House, the Duke was welcomed by the Governor-General, Sir William Irvine (seen in the right foreground at the opening ceremony). The Duke read a message from the King, which began: "It has given me great pleasure to send my son to represent me

at the opening of the celebrations which are being held to commemorate the centenary of the settlement of the State of Victoria and the founding of the city of Melbourne. This occasion must stir the hearts of all interested in our Empire history. A century ago the country round this spot was still almost unknown and unexplored." In the evening, Melbourne was brilliantly illuminated. The Duke of Gloucester, it was recalled, is the third of the King's sons to visit it. All the above photographs were brought to England by Messrs. Cathcart Jones and K. F. H. Waller during their record Australia-and-back flight.



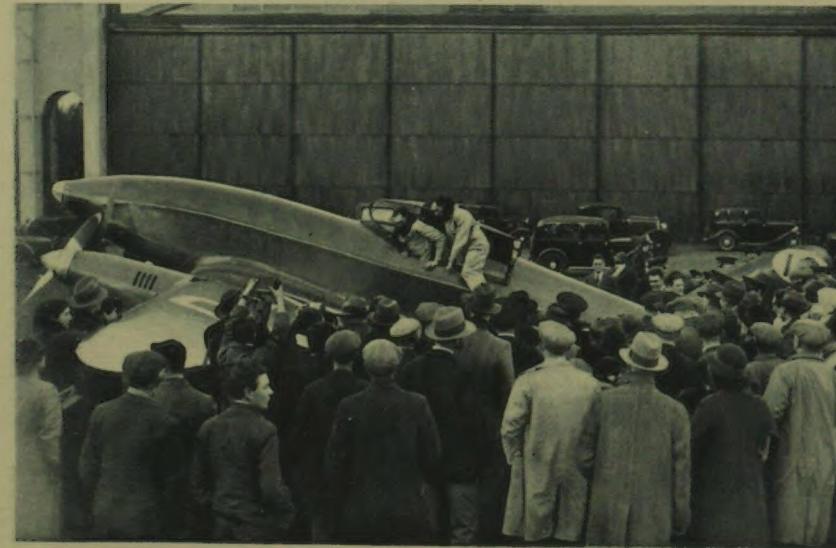
THE MASTERPIECE OF THIS WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A CARVED OAK PANEL OF ABOUT 1540; AND (ON RIGHT BELOW) LAST WEEK'S MASTERPIECE—HOLBEIN'S MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF ANNE OF CLEVES.

This oak panel contains shields bearing lions from the royal arms of Henry VIII. It had once been painted. When it was acquired (for £8) in 1855, its history was unknown, but in 1912 a similar panel, with its original colour, was sold for £200 in Berlin from the collection of Dr. F. Lippmann, who had bought it in London, tradition tracing it to the Palace of Austin Friars. Later, a third panel was found at Goodwood House, the Duke of Richmond's property. All three must have originally belonged to one set, each bearing a head of one of the "Nine Worthies."—The Holbein miniature was probably painted in 1539, when he went to Duren, near Cologne, to paint a portrait of Anne of Cleves. The portrait, which the miniature resembles, is in the Louvre. Mr. George Salting, who bequeathed the miniature to the Museum, is said to have given over £3000 for it.



COLONEL ETHERTON'S TESTIMONIAL FROM "ÆOLUS"—FOR CROSSING THE EQUATOR IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": THE KEEPER OF THE WINDS SITTING ON A CLOUD.

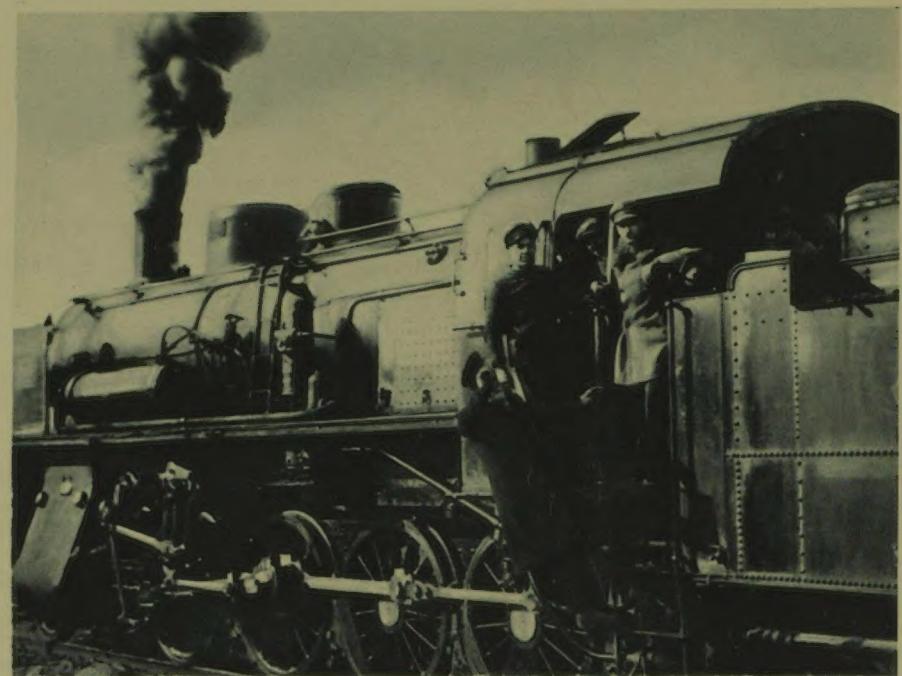
On other pages in this issue we publish a most interesting article by Colonel P. T. Etherton, the hon. organising secretary of the Mount Everest Flight, describing his recent voyage to South America by the "Graf Zeppelin's" regular service. Here is shown the testimonial which he was given for having "Crossed the Line" by air.



TO MELBOURNE AND BACK IN LESS THAN A FORTNIGHT: MR. CATHCART JONES AND MR. KEN WALLER CLAMBERING FROM THEIR D.H. COMET AT LYMPNE.

Mr. Cathcart Jones and Mr. Ken Waller landed at Lympne in their D.H. Comet at 1.12 p.m. on November 2. They had left England in the Air Race at dawn on October 20, and since then had spent a day and a half in Melbourne. The round trip, from Mildenhall back to Lympne, had been accomplished in about 13 days 6½ hours, and seven other records had been set up incidentally—Melbourne to England, Darwin to England, Melbourne to Charleville, Charleville to

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS IN THE NEWS.



GALLANT WORK BY BULGARIA'S TRADE UNIONIST MONARCH: KING BORIS ON THE ENGINE HE DROVE AFTER RESCUING THE DRIVER FROM FIRE.

King Boris had an exciting adventure on October 30 while travelling by train from Sofia to Varna. At Strazica the train stopped unexpectedly, as the engine was on fire and the driver in danger. The King rushed to his aid, tore off his burning clothes, and helped to extinguish the flames. He then mounted the footplate and drove the train for the rest of the journey to Varna. He is a qualified engine-driver and the only King who is a trade unionist.



"IT IS THE BOAST OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE THAT IT RESTS ON MEN": THE PRINCE OF WALES ADDRESSING THE BOYS IN HALL AT THE IMPERIAL SERVICE COLLEGE, WINDSOR.

As High Steward of Windsor, the Prince of Wales on October 31 visited the Imperial Service College there. He was received by the Earl of Athlone, chairman of the Governors, and the headmaster, Mr. E. G. A. Beckwith. Addressing the boys, the Prince recalled that 50 British and 30 Indian regiments had officers who were educated there, and old boys held administrative posts in various British possessions. "Some empires," he said, "rested on written Constitutions and some on force of arms. I think it is the boast of the British Empire that it rests on men."



MR. KEN WALLER UNLOADING AIR MAIL WHICH HE AND MR. CATHCART JONES BROUGHT FROM AUSTRALIA: THE COMET IN WHICH THE AIRMEN BROKE SEVEN RECORDS.

Darwin, Melbourne to Darwin, Darwin to Singapore, and Melbourne to Singapore. Covering the distance of nearly 12,000 miles in 4 days, 22 hours, 27 minutes, the airmen finished fourth in the race to Melbourne. They win the third prize of £500, since the Dutchmen, who finished second, take the prize for the handicap race, and no competitor is eligible for more than one prize. Jones and Waller left Melbourne again on the morning of October 27.

BY AIR TO THE NEW WORLD.

FRIEDRICHSHAVEN TO RIO DE JANEIRO—IN FIVE DAYS IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN."

By Colonel P. T. ETHERTON, Hon. Organising Secretary of the Mount Everest Flight.

FEW achievements of the present day are more momentous than comfortable and continuous travel across the sky. Four hundred years ago, the first Englishmen to visit the New World with the Cabots reached their unknown goal after many weather-beaten months of voyaging and hardship, wondering at times whether they would live to tell the tale of all they found. Nowadays the same journey can be accomplished in sixteen days by the fastest liners, while the Transatlantic crossing by airship takes only seventy-two hours.

To-day, the aerial trip from Old World to New occupies no more than two and a half days. It is not so much a fresh realm of geographical interest into which the traveller is transported as a new world of uncharted experience and absorbing wonder, differing fundamentally from man's previous vision of things on earth. Month by month people are beginning to accustom themselves to the novel idea, not of just flying through the air like a bird, but of going a step further, and actually living in the new element. Aloft in a large dirigible, such an idea is fast becoming an accomplished fact. A new angle of existence is being evolved that will tend to revolutionise and reclothe ordinary levels of life on the ground. Travel in a long-distance aeroplane is still somewhat of an arduous adventure, but a voyage by airship is already a flying dream.

My recent voyage to South America with Dr. Eckener, in the *Graf Zeppelin*, proved to be a thrilling experience in my much-travelled career. Eating, drinking, sight-seeing, "crossing the Line" in the air, all become invested with a strange novelty and piquancy, such as cannot be found elsewhere. The world unfolds below and around, reel after reel, like some vast, silent film, the curtains of whose auditorium are only bounded by outer space. The start differs little from a steamship sailing. There is the same hustle and bustle, the cheerful confusion and excitement. Luggage is trundled about, food stores of all kinds are

day, hungry passengers are provided with food, for appetites appear to be keen on airships.

Beds in cabins and state-rooms are converted into luxuriant settees during the day time. Chintz-covered walls look out upon writing-tables and dutiful electric bells; comfort in the latest air-cruisers has become a sort of cushion—always close to hand.

The twenty passengers on board, though 400 to 3000 feet up in the sky, can behave much as they do in any hotel, with the important exception of smoking. One German with a sense of humour got over this difficulty by holding an unlighted cigar firmly between his teeth, flicking imaginary ash now and then into a receptacle thoughtfully provided for the purpose!

Time counts for nothing up here. It is banished into the background of events and forgotten; travellers learn to live again without the ever-present mechanical insistence of its influence. No "closing time" exists on board; passengers are enabled to drink whatever they please whenever they feel disposed. Card games of various kinds are played in the clouds—Dr. Eckener being himself a keen bridge player—and bets are exchanged freely relating to the accuracy of landmarks seen below. Everyone soon settles down to a rare enjoyment of life under the genial presiding genius of the Commander, a tamer of tempests, human and meteorological, and equipped with a ripe experience of travel.

For exercise, I found myself able to penetrate through the control-rooms and cabins, walking the planks of a narrow alleyway between the gas-chambers, almost the entire inner length of the airship. As a sidelight on the human side of the voyage, I might remark that one German told me he attributed the healthy nature of living in the sky to being debarred from taking an excess of exercise, while another put it down to the veto on smoking.

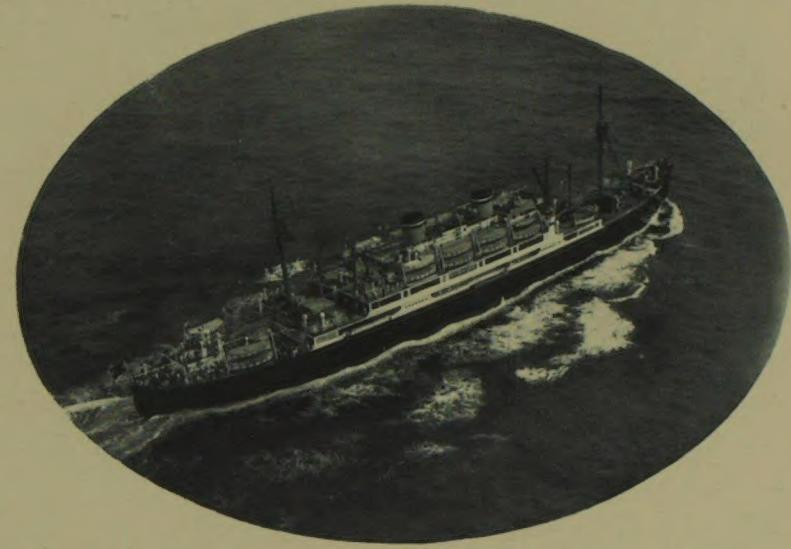
Leaning from the celluloid windows, I could hear the throb and whirl of the engines underhung below the hull, the race of the propellers, and obtain a faint conception of the immense captive force imprisoned within the floating ship.

"This is a modern Arabian Nights story," I said to Dr. Eckener. "We are flying on a magic carpet." "Wait and see what is coming in the near future," he replied with a laugh. "Transport will soon be catapulted across the Atlantic at a thousand miles an hour in rocket machines, operating under internal combustion. Instead of copying birds, the latest aeroplanes will propel themselves by contraction and propulsion, after the manner of fishes."

Though the airship was up in the sky in a world of its own, it was getting the latest news from everywhere. On the second afternoon out, in the full heat of afternoon, I saw a gigantic mirage greater than any I have ever seen before, swimming into sight. A whole continent, stretching for many miles, with trees and rivers and sun-splashed cities, glittered and shone before my

astonished eyes, and then gradually disappeared. Sightseeing? Ordinary observations of heavens and earth? There was a feast of opportunities provided.

Lake Constance and the mountain ridges that separate Rhine from Rhone; the stars in their courses at night; sunny Spain awakening into day; the purple, jutting sierras; Gibraltar looming below like some crouching monster about to leap the Mediterranean—and then the shimmering, stretching wastes of North Africa. Over Barcelona we dropped the first experimental air-post for the Dons. It was an excellent shot, for it landed plump in the centre of the aerodrome. Midget figures rushed



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" AS SHE WAS PASSING OVER A LINER IN THE ATLANTIC: THE OLDER FORM OF TRANSPORT, WHICH MAKES A SIXTEEN-DAY PASSAGE, CHALLENGED BY THE NEW.

out and waved to us frantically. Even so must the Lilliputians have appeared to Gulliver on his travels.

Across the ocean, life became still more dream-like and fantastic. Passengers were constantly at the windows gazing at passing wonders and commenting on what they saw. Navigation is carried on by throwing observation floats on to the sea, and marking the angle of drift from the correct course. Day and night, reports were being received giving disturbances, wind velocities, and barometric pressures, so that the airship, though she could not evade every storm, always escaped the worst of them. As a rule, we flew at a height of about 1500 ft., keeping an even keel; but sometimes we descended close to the water, and saw ships toiling below, whales spouting, or porpoises playing their games of leapfrog. By way of inventing a new form of sport, we tried the game of bottle-throwing at the whales. A handful of well-directed empty beer-bottles would hurtle through the air, smiting the water with a splash. But if the whale ever had the misfortune to be hit by one of these missiles, he showed no signs of it.

There is a peculiar fascination about dropping objects from the sky, far exceeding the pleasure of throwing pebbles at the seaside, and devotees of the new air age will have to take care not to give way too much to this beguilement. People in gasbags should not throw stones, but bombing the sea with bottles when no one is looking except the whale can prove a diverting form of entertainment: 3000 ft. was the highest point at which we tested our skill in bottle-bombing. At this height, the result of our game could be seen but not heard.

Captain Lehmann, who is to command the new super-Zeppelin, LZ 129, and has seen service with old Count Zeppelin, sat at my table. He had dropped quite different presents over London during the war. In the course of conversation, he told me that there will be fifty beds aboard the new airship, two promenade decks, and a smoke-room. The dirigible, when completed, will undoubtedly prove to be one of the marvels of 1935; it will provide a stride forward in aerial travel to South America.

While I was pondering over the surprises the future has in store for those who fly, I found myself greeted all at once by a queer figure with white beard, wind-blown locks, a sceptre and a crown. He looked at first rather like a flying Father Christmas, but soon I discovered I was witnessing for the first time the strange ceremony of Crossing the Line in the air. This was *Æolus*, classical keeper of the winds, escorted on ceremonial occasions by his wife, Dame Calm. No one was thrown into the usual bath as happens when crossing the Equator in a ship, for we were not in the realm of Neptune. In a witty speech, *Æolus* impressed upon us the historic importance of the ceremony. He wished us luck and, with quip and jest, presented me with a testimonial of the occasion in the shape of a photograph of himself sitting on a cloud. He then baptised us all into the new element by squirting over us a shampoo which I was told was "Flit." When women are present, they are sprayed instead with aromatic perfumes.

(Continued overleaf)



AN AEROPLANE BROUGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": THE SMALL MACHINE BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE GIANT AIRSHIP AFTER HER LANDING AT FRIEDRICHSHAVEN.

stowed away, passengers make a last scramble not to be left behind, while flood-lighting throws the bulk of this 775-ft. Behemoth into startling contrast against the dark mysteries of surrounding night. As I stepped aboard, I was reminded of Ulysses and the wooden horse with which Troy was captured under the noses of the Trojans. Let no one claim that modern science has killed romance.

The ground crew assemble and, with clockwork precision, escort the giant airship from its hangar. A network of ropes and cords is detached; without further fuss, it rises with complete silence into the air, displaying all the calm dignity peculiar to an airship. At 600 ft., the five separately installed and reversible Maybach engines, capable of a united power of 2800 horses, begin to throb and hum, their noise reverberating far into the distance, yet sounding no more than a contented purring to the passengers inside. People and objects on the ground become smaller and smaller, and then dwindle away. The galleon of the skies is off—flying down to Rio with sixty people and four million cubic feet of nitrogen gas, exchanging old worlds for new ones at seventy miles an hour, yet seemingly without motion of any kind.

There is no feeling of movement, no pitching or tossing, such as one experiences in aeroplanes and steamers. Nothing dynamic seems to happen. Smoothly and almost silently the ship of the sky slips through space on its phantom voyage. The first night I felt we had become an illustration in a book by Einstein. We were floating through the skies with an ease and supremacy usually only attainable in dreams or scientific novels. The ground was far below. We had got away from all that. No rocking or tossing or noise of the sea disturbed our slumbers—everything was smooth quietude. In fact, passengers told me they found the trip a cure for nerves and as beneficial as a tonic visit to a hydro.

Food and drink? They were still necessary, of course; if anything, more so. Excellent meals are served on the Zeppelin by a first-class chef and his assistants. Eggs and bacon, lamb chops and caviare, various grills, fresh vegetables and mock-turtle soup, besides other dishes, adorn the tables of the dining-room lounge. Six times a



THE CEREMONY OF "CROSSING THE LINE"—BY AIR: "ÆOLUS," WITH WHITE BEARD, WIND-BLOWN LOCKS, A SCEPTRE AND A CROWN, BAPTISING PASSENGERS WITH "FLIT." Initiation ceremonies for those crossing the Equator for the first time are carried out in the "Graf Zeppelin" as in an ocean liner—but in a different form. The baptism here is not with bath and shave, but with squirts of "Flit" or (for women) sprays of perfume. We illustrate on another page the testimonial with which Colonel Etherton was presented by "Æolus" for the occasion. Overleaf we give further photographs of the voyage.

THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" WEIGHS ANCHOR
LIKE A LINER OF THE SKIES:



A SPECIAL PILAR-BOX WHERE THE LAST MAIL MAY BE POSTED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE AIRSHIP STARTS: A 112-HOUR SERVICE TO RIO DE JANEIRO.



DRINKS BEING TAKEN ABOARD BEFORE THE START OF THE AIRSHIP: AN ITEM IN A SERVICE WHICH GIVES NOTABLE SMOOTH AND MOST COMFORTABLE TRAVELLING—SMOKING BEING THE ONLY PRIVILEGE DENIED.



A CROWD ASSEMBLED TO SAY GOOD-BYE, JUST LIKE THE CROWD ON A QUAY AS A LINER MOVES OFF: SPECTATORS KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" DEPARTURE.



THE USUAL FORMALITIES ATTENDANT UPON INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL OF ANY KIND: PASSPORTS AND TICKETS EXAMINED AS THE PASSENGERS GO ON BOARD.



THE SHIP IS TAKEN FROM HER HANGAR AND THE SIGNAL TO START IS GIVEN: IN THE WORDS OF COLONEL P. T. ETHERTON,

Continued from Page 743.]

The Cape Verde Islands had been passed during the night, and on the second day, after sunrise, unbelievably limpid and clear, that turned the airship from ghostly grey into a dazzle of silver, St. Paul's Rock, one of the most remarkable islets in all the Atlantic, climbed into view. It lies about a third of the way across the ocean, right in the track of steamers coming from America and going down to Cape Horn. This, so to speak, is a lighthouse of Nature, pointing with rocky forefinger the way to the Roaring Forties and the Doldrums, the blood-strewn Caribbean, and the choked Sargasso Sea, dividing Farther North from the wind-swept regions of Magellan's soundwards round Cape Horn—steep, craggy, and placidly torurous seas that have been hunting grounds for seamen of the past. To-day, provisions in sealed packages are cached on St. Paul's Island, for the use of shipwrecked mariners. The British Admiralty, patrons of the high seas, replenish these stores every few years. It is an act of charity—a "casting bread upon the waters" few have heard about. A boat struggling to this sanctuary will find itself in the path of shipping and within the reach of food and rescue. St. Paul, who was accorded kind treatment when wrecked on the island of Malta, has thus become the Patron Saint of castaways in mid-Atlantic. One or two also the signal to doubt the truth of the story about St. Paul's Island and the magnanimity of the British. Dr. Eckener has a sense of humour. He offered to drop the disbelievers overboard to see for themselves. He assured them that if they could swim they would find plenty to eat; but they preferred, rather naturally, to take him at his word. On the last afternoon of the trip to South America, land of more considerable bulk finally appears amid the waste of waters. It is Fernando Noronha, the sinister convict island, 350 miles from the mainland of Brazil. No place better deserves its title of the Black Island. There are no trees, ships, no houses, and few



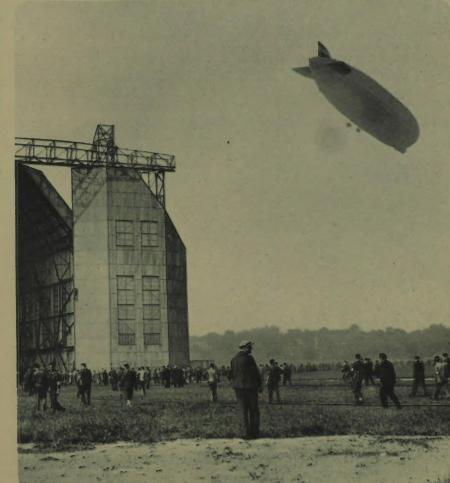
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER THE BODY OF THE GIANT GAS-BAG—A "775-FT. BEHEMOTH," AUTHOR OF THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE.

signs of life. The only vegetation is a low scrub something similar to what may be seen at South Downs in Sussex. Convicts are marooned on this desert island of desolation and loneliness and left for indefinite periods. Capital punishment is not enforced in Brazil; so that inhabitants of Fernando Noronha, living an extremely primitive but not despairing life, vary from murderers to political offenders and other malefactors. Seas break with terrific violence over the jagged rocks of the Black Island; they render any form of rescue by a small boat almost an impossibility. In any case, no unofficial ships are allowed near Noronha, being arrested at sight should they have the temerity to approach. There are a number of little sanded coves; a small boat, gleaming above the island is known as the "Tin Can" of God. It is built like a boat, not like a ship, and where condemned convicts are sent, and Dr. Eckener makes a special point of flying close over the penal colony in order to relieve the monotony of life for the condemned prisoners. Sharks inhabit the surrounding waters, though not to the same extent as round "Devil's Island"—the French convict settlement off Guiana. South America is not far away. A few hours later, and the salutes of ships' sirens show the proximity of land. The Zeppelin answers with flags. Land-ho! Low-lying shores studded with palm-trees and whipped by silver lines of surf. What a welcome cry that must have sounded to the first Atlantic explorers struggling wearily in the face of a loaded drift! A modern airship, Brazil becomes but another landmark of easy and comfortable travel—Penanbuco, first stop on the 10,000 miles of 5800 miles, leading from Europe to Rio de Janeiro, with sun-singed days and scented nights, a princess amongst cities, forming, together with San Francisco and Sydney, the triumvirate of the world's most beautiful harbours: Rio, gateway to the sights and interests of the New World. The way that leads there has never been so pleasantly passed over as by airship.

THE AIRSHIP LEAVING FRIEDRICHSHAVEN
ON HER "WEEK-END" VOYAGE TO RIO.

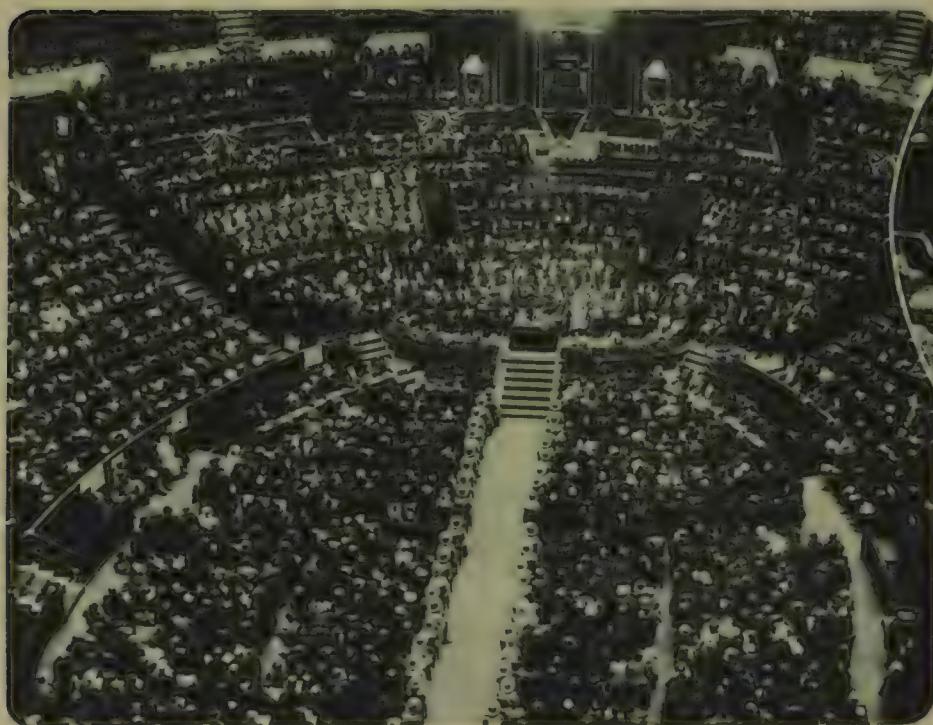


THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" WEIGHS ANCHOR: A DRAMATIC MOMENT BEGINNING THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA, WHILE THE MONSTER IS STILL INSIDE HER HANGAR.



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" DISAPPEARS INTO THE MORNING MIST AS SHE STARTS ON HER REGULAR TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA: A SMOOTH AND STEADY FLIGHT AT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR ACROSS HALF THE WORLD.

THE ROYAL FAMILY "IN THE NEWS": FOUR OUTSTANDING OCCASIONS.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE SALVATION ARMY'S FAREWELL TO GENERAL HIGGINS: THE CROWDED ALBERT HALL; WITH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ON THE DAIS.



AT THE FAREWELL TO GENERAL HIGGINS: THE DUKE OF YORK SPEAKING; WITH THE DUCHESS, THE BISHOP OF LONDON, AND GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS ON THE DAIS.

The Duke of York presided over the Salvation Army's farewell to General Edward Higgins, the retiring General, at the Albert Hall on November 1. The Duchess of York accompanied him. With them on the platform were the Bishop of London, the Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke; President of the Free Church Council; the Rev. Dr. Archibald Fleming (Church of Scotland); and the Chief Rabbi. Prayer was offered by Dr. Fleming; then the Bishop of London read a lesson. In his speech the Duke of York referred to the great interest the Royal Family had always taken in the Salvation Army. A vote of thanks to the Duke and Duchess was proposed by Lady Simon, who was accompanied by Sir John Simon.



A FINE NEW BUILDING AT OXFORD OPENED BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL: THE RADCLIFFE SCIENCE LIBRARY—FORMING PART OF THE BODLEIAN EXTENSION SCHEME.

The Princess Royal paid a short visit to Oxford University on November 3, to open the new wing of the Radcliffe Science Library, which marks the first stage in the £1,000,000 scheme of extension of the Bodleian Library. She was met by the Vice-Chancellor and the Rev. F. J. Lys, and lunched at Worcester College. In the afternoon, wearing her robes as a Doctor of Civil Law, she attended Convocation in the Sheldonian Theatre, and was here presented with an address of welcome.



AFTER HEARING THE UNIVERSITY'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME: THE PRINCESS ROYAL LEAVING THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, ON HER WAY TO THE RADCLIFFE SCIENCE LIBRARY. Dr. F. H. Dudden, the Master of Pembroke College, who presented the address, referred to the vast scheme of library reconstruction of which this was part, and paid a tribute to the munificence of the Rockefeller Foundation. At the Science Library the party was received by Bodley's Librarian, Dr. H. H. E. Craster, who presented the Superintendent of the Library, Mr. H. F. Alexander, and the architect, Mr. J. Hubert Worthington.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT OPENS NEW GARDENS AT SIDMOUTH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WHO IS WINTERING IN SOUTH DEVON, SPEAKING DURING THE CEREMONY.

The Duke of Connaught opened the new gardens named after him at Sidmouth on November 3. The Duke, accompanied by his equerry, was welcomed by Mr. G. E. Saunders, Chairman of the local Council. The gardens, besides being an amenity, act as a sea-defence which prevents the shingle from Sidmouth beach from being swept across the bay. They are laid out in grounds once known as Sea View; though much of the original building has now been demolished.



ROYAL LETTER-SORTERS!—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK HANDLING PACKAGES DURING THEIR VISIT TO MOUNT PLEASANT SORTING OFFICES.

The Duke and Duchess of York opened the new Post Office sorting offices at Mount Pleasant on November 2. They were conducted on an extensive tour of the reconstructed building (which is the greatest letter-sorting office in the world) by the Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley Wood (here seen behind the Duchess of York). Both the Duke and the Duchess tried their hands as sorters, and in the post-marking section they each cancelled a number of letters.

ON THE TRACK OF THE ONCE "MYTHICAL" OKAPI:

ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL FORESTS OF AFRICA TO GET FOR THE "ZOO" ITS FIRST OKAPIS; HAUNTS AND HABITS OF AN EXTREMELY ELUSIVE ANIMAL, AND ITS PYGMY HUNTERS.

By ATTILIO GATTI. A Sequel to his Article in our last issue. (See Illustrations on Pages 748 and 749.) World Copyright Strictly Reserved.

THE habitat of the Okapi (*Ocapia johnstoni*) has been since immemorial times the great forest which occupied almost uninterruptedly all the zone comprised between the Semliki at the east and the lakes Albert and Edward, which this river connects; the Itimbiri and the Congo at the north; the Lomami at the west, and the Equator at the south.

For centuries the natives have systematically attacked the fringe of the forest, with their habitual wastage of wood, to clear ground for cultivation and pastures, and during the last half-century, especially in these last few years, in the internal part, trading or administrative posts, mining centres and towns have opened out huge spaces, while roads and paths have divided the forest into numerous sectors. But even such lavishness of destruction seems only to have slightly touched the great, thick, and compact mass of the forest. Often it is enough to go out a few miles from the basin in which a town lies, or even to make two paces off a road, to find oneself suddenly in another world of dark green and even darker shadow; of colossal trees whose high foliage unites in a leafy canopy, of low vegetation tightly interwoven, of small trees and herbs and vines and bushes, a second forest within the forest, against which one has to fight tenaciously minute after minute.

Here there are no roads or paths or even faded tracks, but only the unimaginable confusion of the footprints that innumerable elephants and red pygmy buffaloes and okapi and bongo have left during their unceasing wanderings. This is the kingdom of the okapi, the world of silence and hot humidity which we entered on April 16, and in which we have already lived uninterruptedly for five months.

From the first days we were able to observe that the number of okapis, far from being reduced, as is commonly believed, is simply enormous. We found numerous tracks even in the first six hours of march, which brought us from kilometre 104 on the road Beni-Irumu to the farthest western point that the pygmies of Sultani Kalumé had ever dared to reach, a little clearing where we established the first camp, calling it Tembo Camp from the elephant skull we found there.

From there we began a systematic exploration of the forest in various directions, finding, the farther we went toward the interior, more and more numerous footprints of okapi. Eventually we arrived one day at a vast clearing, at the bottom of which ran a limpid and beautiful stream unknown even to the most recent maps. The pygmies themselves seemed to be astonished at the sudden view, so glorious with sunlight and emerald green after the obscurity of the forest, and even more at the remarkable number of footprints, some of them made that day, which the okapis had left on a sandy bank of the river.

I decided at once to establish another permanent camp near by, and, not wishing to risk disturbing the okapis, we chose a site about half an hour from the clearing along the shores of the same river, which later we explored

a more comfortable path, which reduced the distance to less than four hours.

In spite of the hundreds and hundreds of tracks we had found everywhere, we had not yet succeeded in glimpsing a single okapi. Both at the clearing on the Mutwegwe and in other spots particularly frequented by okapi, I had hidden several times in ambush alone with one pygmy, closely studying the wind, visibility, and so on, and trying to take the most elaborate precautions

difficulty he can hunt a buffalo, and so obtain the same quantity of meat, or an elephant, which will give him ten times more. It is true that the meat of the okapi is the most tender and exquisite that one can taste in Africa, as we ourselves were able to experience on the only occasion when a pygmy brought us a piece of it. But this has no importance for the palate of the pygmy, who eats indifferently rats and snakes, mice and lizards. It is the skin of the okapi which has for him such a value, for the natives around the forest think that a belt cut of this skin heals dysentery, a sickness of which they are often victims, and the other disturbances of the digestive system which seem to afflict them for the rest of the time.

As the skin of one okapi easily supplies two score of these belts, one can understand what riches that represents for the pygmy, who by no other means of exchange can obtain food and salt when his hunting is unlucky, protection from chiefs, medicines from witch doctors, and



A REAL "TOM THUMB" OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA: A PYGMY DROPPING LEAVES SO AS TO MARK A PATH IN AN UNKNOWN PART OF THE FOREST.

"The pygmies marked our route by tearing off, every ten or twelve paces, two leaves of *moodi*, letting them fall one on top of the other, pointing in the direction of the march, with the opaque side upward, contrary to what occurs when the leaf falls naturally."

not to be detected. But each time it was in vain, and each time a study of the tracks near the hiding-place showed that the failure was not due to chance, but to the extraordinary cunning of the animal.

Here an okapi had walked straight toward the clearing, then, reaching the footprints we had left there four, even ten hours before, had suddenly swerved and gone in the opposite direction. There, another had come almost to the shore of the river, where either his sense of smell or hearing, both of which are particularly keen, must have revealed our presence, and with a quick turn he had galloped away. And so others, all around us, on their way to their habitual drinking-place, had approached to within some hundred feet and had then gone away.

Meanwhile neither I nor the pygmy, with his extraordinary sense of the forest, had perceived the slightest noise or movement near us, although we had forced ourselves to remain absolutely motionless, in spite of the torturing bites of hundreds of insects.

How the okapis, in spite of the encroachments on their kingdom and all the stratagems that the pygmies have practised against them for centuries, have been able to remain so numerous, and how, in spite of their vast numbers, they can keep so invisible, were two problems that baffled me for a long time. It took several months in the forest and the observations patiently made day by day before I was able to see the okapi and study directly his habits, and so get a complete idea of his life. Only then could I find a satisfying answer to those two questions.

The life of the pygmy being essentially centred on the purpose of procuring meat, it seems strange that the okapi has for him so much importance, when with much less

knives and points of spears and arrows from iron-workers—the few things which he needs and appreciates. Yet, notwithstanding his constant effort, his infinite patience and all his cunning, it is only very occasionally that the pygmy succeeds in capturing his desired prey.

First of all, the okapis are confirmed solitaires and untiring wanderers, except for the short time of the mating season, and for the few months when a mother nurses her young—during which they usually hide in parts of the forest inaccessible to almost every other animal and to every man, black or white. They live always isolated. Sometimes they meet in a clearing near a river where some sun penetrates, which can dry their luxuriant coats after a good bath, but afterwards each one goes his own chosen way. This solitary habit gives them extreme liberty of movement and the possibility of slipping away unobserved, when a group of even three or four would not be able to. Wherever an okapi finds himself toward evening, there he makes his bed, whether it be a whole day's march, or perhaps only one of a few hours, from the sleeping places of yesterday and to-morrow.

Not even the necessities of his stomach tie him to one place more than to another. Great Mother Forest, as the pygmies call it, is abundantly rich in everything, and a great preserver of moisture, her rivers being fed by thousands of minor streams and cool brooks which, in slow windings, murmur secretly beneath the dense green undergrowth. The tender leaves, the succulent stems, the tasty roots which the okapi prefers, grow in profusion everywhere. Such are the *matungulu*, tall reeds which push up straight to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, as if in an effort to obtain some air and light, with their crisp leaves and the delicate white flowers similar to an orchid at their base; and the *moodi*, in the clumps of which the okapi knows how to find the big red flowers, pulpy and full of moisture, and the young leaves rolled into a thin funnel, with their mother-of-pearl stems tender and full of flavour as young celery. Other favourites of the okapi are the leaves of *sangatolo*, shaped like a spear-point; and the *anzararo*, the *bahapopo*, the *apopo-mongele*, and the *memengano*—to continue to use the names in the Kinande tongue—small shrubs all with perfumed bitter leaves, so pleasant that more than once I have eaten them myself as a salad, in no way inferior to the choicest lettuce.

As for what I believe to be the okapi's medicines, charcoal and a certain kind of soil, he can, of course, find them everywhere; charcoal from trees burned by lightning, and *bulongo*, as the pygmies call a certain reddish, slightly saliferous clay which commonly obtains near rivers. It is no superstition of the pygmies that the okapi wants these strange substances when indisposed, but an actual fact, as I have been able to see myself and as has been proved to me by the examination of numerous spores. The forest, which for whites is a painful prison, and for natives and even pygmies has still so many limitations, has none for the okapi, either of space or of time or in the form of obstacles. His endurance is exceptional. Usually he walks slowly, trying to avoid pools of water and swamp, so as not to soil the spotlessness of his white

[Continued on page 778.]



THE SECRET OF THE OKAPI'S GREAT BUTTING POWER: A THICK BONY PLATE EXTENDING FROM THE FIRST VERTEBRA TO ABOVE THE EYES—"A FORMIDABLE BATTERING-RAM"—HERE SEEN IN THE SKULL OF A FULL-GROWN SPECIMEN.

for several kilometres and christened, on the suggestion of the pygmies, with the name of Mutwegwe. During the march of that day, as at every other time, we walked in parts of the forest unknown to the pygmies, so they marked our route by tearing off, every ten or twelve paces, two leaves of *moodi*, letting them fall one on top of the other, pointing in the direction of the march, with the opaque side upward, contrary to what occurs when the leaf falls naturally.

When the moment came to return we decided to abandon the long, winding route so marked, and to trust to the pygmies' sense of orientation to create a new track bringing us directly to Tembo Camp. So we had the pleasant surprise of finding that the two camps were separated only by six hours of march, and along this new route we put a hundred natives to work at cutting



AN OKAPI AT LARGE IN THE FOREST OF CENTRAL AFRICA: ONE OF THE RAREST OF ANIMALS PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.



THE OKAPI'S FAVOURITE FOOD IN ITS NATURAL STATE: THREE KINDS OF BUSH—(LEFT TO RIGHT) MOODI (BESIDE AN OKAPI SKULL), SANGATOTO, AND MATUNGULU.



SHOWING THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THE EARS, WHICH POSSESS A VERY KEEN SENSE OF HEARING: THE NECK AND HEAD OF A VERY LARGE OKAPI.



A FULL-GROWN OKAPI, CAPTURED IN A PIT, THAT ESCAPED BY BUTTING COMMANDER GATTI AND BREAKING A PALISADE: THE STRONG HEAD. (SEE THE SKULL ON PAGE 747.)

As promised in our last issue, where we illustrated a young okapi caught by Commander Gatti, with his account of its capture and behaviour in camp, we now publish these further photographs and (on page 747) a second article by him describing the natural haunts and habits of the species, and his previous adventures in quest of living specimens, particularly the capture of a full-grown okapi in a pit and its dramatic escape. We may recall that, about forty years ago, the okapi was regarded by Europeans as almost a mythical creature, for, although rumours of its existence had begun to

A "MYTHICAL" CREATURE UNTIL SOME FORTY YEARS AGO: A UNIQUE AFRICAN SPECIES WHICH MAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI. WORLD COPYRIGHT

STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 747.)



A SULTANI KALUMÉ TRIBESMAN SPRINKLING SALT (OF WHICH OKAPIS ARE VERY FOND) IN THE CLEARING AT THE MUTWEGWE RIVER, TO ATTRACT THE ANIMALS.



A YOUNG OKAPI AT HOME IN THE FOREST: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PECULIAR

STRIPED MARKINGS OF ITS COAT, WHICH IT KEEPS SPOTLESSLY CLEAN.

from a myth to a living reality have been fully reported in "The Illustrated London News." Recapitulating them in our issue of October 15, 1932, where we illustrated the first pair of living okapis seen in Europe (in the Antwerp "Zoo"), we wrote: "The okapi was discovered by Sir Harry



AN OKAPI FEEDING IN ITS NATIVE FOREST: A SNAPSHOT PHOTOGRAPH OF A BEAST EXCEININGLY DIFFICULT TO APPROACH Owing TO ITS CUNNING AND KEEN SENSES.



A POWERFUL CREATURE ABLE TO FORCE ITS WAY PAST ANY OBSTACLE OF VEGETATION: AN OKAPI IN THE FOREST, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE TURNING ITS HEAD.

Johnston in 1900, but it was not until August 3, 1907, that we were enabled to publish the first photograph of okapis—from dead specimens—a picture found on September 7 of the same year, by the noted naturalist of living specimens. The first attempt to keep a living okapi in Europe was made in 1919, when one was brought from the Congo to the Antwerp "Zoo." This lived in captivity for about two months. A second okapi (a female) was captured in 1927, and was brought to Europe in 1928. This female was joined at Antwerp by an adult male in August 1932.

MARLBROUCC S'EN VA.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"MARLBOROUGH," VOLUME II.: By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.*
(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

A NOTHER large and handsomely appalled volume continues Mr. Churchill's work of history, of literature and of piety; and a further volume has still to tell of Marlborough's later and darker days. The first portion took us up to the death of William, *via* John Churchill's apprenticeship in court and camp, his renunciation of the King in whose close personal service he had learned his world, his marriage, the days of adversity which nearly ended his career in ignominy, and his final, though grudging, recognition by William as a leader of his nation. Now dawns "the sunshine day." The Princess, who has been the devoted friend of himself and his wife, ascends the throne, amid a "blaze of loyalty." The destiny of England—and therefore, in great measure, of Europe—lies in the hands of this woman and this man, mistress and servant (for Marlborough, as Mr. Churchill insists, never for a moment presumed beyond a relationship of dutiful service to his Sovereign). Nothing is made more clear in this volume than the fact that the "Cockpit" group of personal friends—Anne, Marlborough, and Godolphin, with Sarah as a somewhat unstable colleague—kept firm control of the government, amid political dissensions of an acrimony which far exceeds anything known in this country to-day. The coincidence of Mr. Churchill's biography and Professor Trevelyan's masterpiece has brought home to Englishmen, as never before, the grandeur of the labour which this small group, and especially the two principals, performed for modern Britain. Mr. Churchill is within the bounds of moderation when he writes: "We may claim this period as, on the whole, the greatest in our history. In ten years England rose to the leadership of Europe. She gained the mastery of the seas, including the control—never since lost—of the Mediterranean. The ocean roads to trade and empire in the New World were opened. Her soldiers, according to their enemies, were the best in Europe. Her wealth and prosperity seemed for a while to rise upon a tide of war. By the union with Scotland the island became one. The might of France was abated, and a balance was established in Europe to correct her exorbitant power." And, it may be added, the fundamental principle of English constitutional government was settled, after centuries of conflict.

All these things were achieved in the opening years of the eighteenth century; but in the volume before us the chief interest is centred on Marlborough's answer to the menace of Louis XIV. This scourge of humanity,

was no less a world-war than that of 1914. Nor was it less terrible: our author well reminds us that the battles of the eighteenth century, for all their courtesies and conventions, were as bloody and as horrific as those of the twentieth century, while the task of individual commanders was infinitely heavier in responsibility, resource and personal risk. Marlborough, now past middle age, was confronted with as severe an ordeal as ever faced a soldier. He did not like or enjoy it; his letters to Sarah and Godolphin, many of which are now published for the first time through Mr. Churchill's enterprise, constantly betray weariness

war, all the more when it was carried into the heart of Europe; and both together resented his prestige, his wealth, and his influence with the Queen. One false step, and Marlborough fell to the abyss. Enemies and intrigues at home were bad enough; but even in the field Marlborough had infinite trials to bear. Although the sole allied command was supposed to rest in him, again and again he was paralysed by the obstruction of the Dutch and the jealousy of the Prince of Baden. His "Great Design" on Antwerp was thwarted. After Blenheim, the Dutch commanders became so intractable that they came near to neutralising the great results of a great victory; at last Marlborough's patience was exhausted; and only by threat of resignation could he reassert his authority and confound the enemies in England who secretly rejoiced at his perplexities. It was some compensation for these discords that Marlborough found in Prince Eugene an ideal brother-in-arms. Mr. Churchill phrases it happily when he says that Marlborough and Eugene worked together like the two lobes of one brain. It is scarcely to be doubted that if Eugene had been an ally of the same temper as Schlangenberg or the Prince of Baden, Blenheim would never have been fought and won.

Mr. Churchill follows Marlborough's campaigns in the closest details and with admirable clarity. It is a matter of taste whether one enjoys the description of strategy and of battles; for ourselves, we find it less interesting than the account of Marlborough's beginnings and the development of his character; but it will not be denied that Mr. Churchill has done all that mortal man can do to infuse drama and animation into the description of complicated military movements. He is at his most vigorous in his account of the great and daring march to the Danube: "The annals of the British Army contain no more heroic episode than this march from the North Sea to the Danube. The strategy which conceived, the secrecy and skill which performed, and the superb victory which crowned the enterprise have always ranked among the finest examples of the art of war." The abundant plans and sketches with which Mr. Churchill illustrates this great manœuvre are a most welcome contrast to the inadequate maps which frequently accompany works of this kind. We are led stage by stage to the banks of that river into which so much

European blood has flowed: mastery of it is secured, at terrible cost, at the desperate action of the Schellenberg; and so to Blenheim. On that field, as we might expect, our historian rises enthusiastically to his epic theme. Reading this palpitating account, we realise how perilously the issue hung in the balance, until Marlborough, after the most audacious risks, sacrifices, and even reverses, was able to consummate his strategy upon the French centre. Breaking through it, Marlborough also broke through the pan-European dominion of France. It was to threaten the world again a century later, and again it was to be repulsed by the genius of a British commander and the constancy of British troops.

Is it altogether chance, is it altogether unconnected with the inexorable processes of history, that the nation which for so long, and such a short time ago, challenged and bullied the world, should find herself to-day without a single firm friend?

"Blenheim is immortal as a battle not only because of the extraordinary severity of the fighting of all the troops on the field all day long, and the overwhelming character of the victory, but because it changed the political axis of the world." And again: "The destruction of the Armada had preserved the life of Britain: the charge at Blenheim opened to her the gateways of the modern world." The process had still to be completed at Ramillies and Oudenarde: much frustration and anxiety was to fall to Marlborough's lot in the meantime: and bitter indeed was to be his portion in the end. But his marvellous work went on, and Englishmen should never think of it without gratitude. We think that in this second volume Mr. Churchill has continued to show forth Marlborough as "a majestic, sagacious, benignant personality, making allowances for everybody, enduring every vexation with incredible patience, taking all the burdens upon his own shoulders, tirelessly contriving and compelling victory, running all risks, and always ready, as he phrased it, to die 'for Queen and country.'"

C. K. A.



BRILLIANT GENERAL AND ABLE SUBORDINATE: MARLBOROUGH AND CADOGAN.
By Permission of Earl Cadogan.

and a longing to retire to domestic quietude, for which he had a strong natural inclination. He was not a man of buoyant disposition; he is frequently gloomy at the prospect before him, diffident of himself and uncertain of success. During the period under review, he suffered grievous personal distresses. He lost his son, who was never to be followed by another heir, and the simple sentences in which this somewhat inarticulate man expresses his sense of loss are very moving. He left England for the crucial campaign of his career, estranged from his wife. On a mere suspicion of infidelity, and despite his most solemn denials, she sent him away with a renunciation so severe and conclusive that she must needs reduce it to writing. Marlborough's boyish elation at being taken back into the favour of this thoroughly tiresome woman wins our affection as much as it exhausts our patience with a wife who often seemed incapable of appreciating an intense devotion. And finally, like so many of the great figures of history and literature, Marlborough was not a man of robust health; repeatedly on his campaigns he seems to have been under this handicap, but never to have flagged on that account.

Amid these difficulties, the energy demanded of Marlborough was almost superhuman. "The entire range of European affairs, all the intricate personal relations of the heads of States and Governments, all the vital connections with Holland, with the Empire, with Prussia, with the Archduke Charles, and with a score of minor potentates, all the anxious shifting combinations of English politics, all the ceremonious usage which surrounded the Queen, her husband, and her Court, are disposed of day after day by a general manœuvring equal or smaller forces in closest contact with a redoubtable enemy, who often might engage in a decisive battle 'at no more than an hour's notice.' . . . He thought for all, he acted for all." And, with everything else, "it was not seldom that he wrote his letter to his beloved Sarah or to his great colleague and lifelong friend, Godolphin."

He needed, and found, as much patience as energy. "There may have been greater Captains, but none was ever more plagued." To both snarling political parties at home his downfall would have been more welcome than his victories. The Whigs hated him as an upstart, a supporter of the Occasional Conformity Bill, and a suspected Jacobite; the Tories feared and distrusted the foreign



A GREAT AND GALLANT COMMANDER AND CO-VICTOR IN THE BLENHEIM CAMPAIGN WITH MARLBOROUGH: PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY; A PORTRAIT IN THE RIJKSMUSEUM.

Reproductions from "Marlborough: His Life and Times"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap.



Any Foreign
at Hogmanay

AN ENGLISH RACEHORSE ALMOST AS FAMOUS AS THE GREAT STATESMAN WHO OWNED HIM: THE "GODOLPHIN ARABIAN," IMPORTED BY EARL GODOLPHIN, WHO THUS GAINED THE TITLE OF THE "FATHER OF ENGLISH HORSE-BREEDING."

Godolphin was famous as a Treasurer who served his country in four reigns; and full justice is done, in Mr. Churchill's "Marlborough," to the part played by him. Mr. Churchill adds: "If all his lifetime of Ministerial work were blotted out, his fame would be secure. . . . He it was who imported the immortal stallion, the Godolphin Arabian."

By Gracious Permission of H.M. the King.

"Sun" only in his power to scorch and consume, had precipitated a conflict which, as Mr. Churchill points out,

* "Marlborough: His Life and Times." By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, P.C., C.H., M.P. Volume II. With thirty-one Illustrations in Photogravure, three Facsimiles of Documents, and seventy-six Maps and Plans. (George G. Harrap and Co.; 25s.)

THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE; TRAIN RECORDS: A PAGE OF ENGINEERING FEATS.



THE LONGEST RAILWAY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD, SPANNING THE ZAMBESI RIVER: A PANORAMA FROM THE LEFT BANK, SHOWING THE THIRTY-THREE MAIN SPANS, THE LAST OF WHICH WAS ERECTED IN OCTOBER—A GIGANTIC PROJECT TO PROVIDE UNINTERRUPTED RAILWAY COMMUNICATION BETWEEN BEIRA AND LAKE NYASA.



THE SITE OF THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE, WHICH, BEGAN FOUR YEARS AGO BY THE CLEVELAND BRIDGE AND ENGINEERING COMPANY, OF DARLINGTON, IS NOW PRACTICALLY COMPLETED. A PANORAMA OF THE LOWER ZAMBESI, WHICH, AT HIGH FLOOD, IS NEARLY TWO MILES WIDE AT THIS POINT.

On October 12, we learn from "Modern Transport," the last span of the Lower Zambesi Bridge was put into position. With a total length of 11,650 feet 9 inches, it is the longest railway bridge in the world over a continuous waterway, and it forms the principal feature of a £1,434,337 project being carried out on behalf of the Central Africa and Trans-Zambesia Railway Companies to provide uninterrupted railway communication between Beira and Lake Nyasa. The site is between Mutarara

on the left bank and Sena on the right, about twenty-five miles upstream from Murraca, the present terminus of the railway. The river at this point is normally about 5000 feet wide, but reaches a width of over 11,000 feet, or about two miles, at high flood. The bridge is of steel and consists of 2589 feet of viaduct, thirty-three main spans, and six approach spans. The spans are supported by concrete piers built on concrete wells.—[Photographs by Courtesy of "Modern Transport."]



NEW RAILWAY RECORDS ACROSS THE UNITED STATES: THE STREAMLINED TRAIN

"M 10001" NEARING NEW YORK AFTER A RECORD RUN FROM CALIFORNIA.

"M 10001," the Union Pacific Railroad's new streamlined train, broke all records when she arrived at the Grand Central Terminal, New York, on the morning of October 25, just 56 hours and 55 minutes after she had left Los Angeles. This was 15 hours 32 minutes better time than the previous Transcontinental record which had stood since 1906. "M 10001" ran at 120 miles an hour over short stretches, and, for one stretch of 508 miles, averaged 84. She has a Diesel engine generating 900 h.p. Our photograph, taken from the air, shows her passing Bronx.



A RECORD SPEED ON RAILS BY A FRENCH TRAIN: THE BUGATTI-ENGINED AUTO-RAIL COACH WHICH AVERAGED 120 MILES AN HOUR OVER FOUR MILES AT LE MANS.

Equipped with four 250-h.p. Bugatti engines and driven by M. Jean Bugatti, son of the founder of the famous firm, this auto-rail coach reached the record speed of 120 miles an hour over a measured four miles at Le Mans on October 24. It is of the same type as a car which operated on several French lines last summer. It is claimed to show remarkable stability when taking bends. In Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland there have also been recent experiments with fast new coaches on rails; while a very successful American streamlined train is illustrated opposite.

PHOTOGRAPHS WIRELESSSED FROM AUSTRALIA TO

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

ENGLAND IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES: HOW IT IS DONE.

THE ASSISTANCE OF MESSRS. CABLE AND WIRELESS.



CINÉ-PICTURES AND NEWS PICTURES TRANSMITTED BY BEAM RADIO OVER A DISTANCE

Snapshots illustrating the arrival at Melbourne of Scott and Black, the winners of the England-Australia Air Race, were transmitted to this country by beam radio and printed in the papers here within a few hours of the event. In addition, a short cinematograph film was wireless by the same method and shown in the picture theatres. Beam Radio has been in use for some time for the transmission of facsimile pictures over long distances. Further, the G.P.O. has a system in which telephone wires are used for the transmission and reception of pictures to and from various cities on the Continent. The ciné-film transmission, however, was the first of its kind. The ciné-photographs had to be enlarged for transmission from Melbourne, and, after reception in London, had to be reduced

in size and converted into a cinematograph film for use in ordinary projectors. The photographs were mounted in pairs and transmitted half-way round the world; the process occupying about 25 minutes for each pair. The apparatus at the transmitting and receiving ends is similar in appearance—consisting of operating cabinet, transmitting and receiving amplifiers, and the "phasing" or synchronising plant. The picture to be sent is curled round a fixed metal tube which is in two equal lengths divided by a fine slot. The picture is attached to a carriage which moves slowly along the tube. The picture is held in the position over the slot a spot of light from the optical system rotating inside the tube is focused on the picture. These "dots" of light—recording the high-lights and

OF MORE THAN ELEVEN THOUSAND MILES: THE WONDERS OF RADIO-PHOTOGRAPHY.

other tone values of the picture—are reflected from it and are passed, by way of lenses and prisms, to a photo-electric cell which converts the varying tones into electrical impulses of varying intensity. The impulses are sent by landline to the Beam Radio transmitting aerial and passed through space. At the receiving end, the signals are picked up by aerials at Somerton and then sent by landline to the picture-receiving apparatus in London, where the impulses are transformed into a photograph, in a room which is dark except for a red lamp. In this room, a sheet of sensitized bromide paper is placed outside a metal tube fitted to the receiving instrument, in which a glow discharge-tube receives the varying electrical impulses from Australia and converts them into varying shades of light corre-

sponding to the tone-shades of the picture sent. The flickerings from the glow discharge-tube pass through a series of prisms and lenses to a rotating drum, the picture is built up as a facsimile of the photograph being transmitted from Australia. When the process is complete, the bromide paper is developed and delivered to the customer. At present, during certain hours, atmospheres and fading are apt to interfere with transmission—a defect the experts are working to surmount; hence alternative routes. The transmitting and receiving apparatus shown is made by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company. The cinematograph film pictures of Scott and Campbell Black are reproduced from the Gaumont-British News film.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS year has had its share of memorable feats in climbing and exploration, notably in the Coast Range of British Columbia, and (as Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, leader of last year's Everest climb, has lately announced) on the Himalayan giant, Nanda Devi. Some of these feats would probably have received more public attention if the alarms and excursions in Europe had not flooded the Press with so many sensational events as counter-attractions. During a pause in the revolutionist's occupations, I seize the chance to mention some relevant books.

Prominent among these works is an addition to the Lonsdale Library, that famous and still-growing cyclopaedia of sport, in the form of its eighteenth volume—"MOUNTAINEERING." Edited by Sydney Spencer. With 130 Illustrations and nine Maps (Seeley, Service; 21s.). The editor has been supported by a distinguished team of twenty-two expert writers, who deal with various branches of the subject, and his aim has been to represent the more traditional aspect of climbing, while not neglecting modern methods and developments. "A special feature," he points out, "is the chapters on the different mountain regions which provide the mountaineer with good climbing." Thus, among others, Dr. Claude Wilson describes the Alps, and Dr. T. G. Longstaff contributes seven chapters on the Himalaya; while Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith writes on British mountaineering, Mr. William C. West on Africa, Dr. J. Monroe Thorington on North America, and Mr. J. M. Wordie on the Arctic. Chapters are also allotted to the Dolomites, Europe in general, New Zealand, South America, Korea, and Japan. Other sections treat of such matters as equipment, geological formations, rock-climbing, snow and ice-craft, first aid, Alpine flora, and photography. This last item prompts a word of praise for the illustrations, which include awe-inspiring photographs of mountain scenery and dizzy work on precipices.

Judging from the eagerness of boys (and girls too, in these athletic days) to swarm up the first climbable thing they see, I should have thought that in the childhood of mankind the great hills would have exercised an instinctive lure. I was surprised, therefore, to find this idea rejected by Mr. T. Graham Brown, F.R.S., who writes on the history of mountaineering. The early records show, he thinks, that "there is little obvious appeal in mountain-climbing," and that the modern traditions of the sport have been created artificially. The few ascents recorded in antiquity were made for some particular purpose, and not for pleasure or as part of a system. "Thus Philip V. of Macedon ascended *Hamus* to estimate the span of the view from the top, but found only mist." Empedocles, as Matthew Arnold reminds us in his poetic drama, went up Etna with suicidal intent. The Romans, though they made ways over the grass passes of the Alps, did not apparently climb any peaks. Mr. Graham Brown mentions various sporadic ascents in mediæval times, and one in the sixteenth century by Leonardo da Vinci, while Benvenuto Cellini crossed the Bernina Pass in snow. In the seventeenth century, John Evelyn crossed the Splügen. It is not, however, until seventy years after the first ascent of Mont Blanc (in 1786) that the author dates the birth of mountaineering as a regular sport.

That our own island affords first-rate rock-climbing is well known, and devotees will find full justice done here to Scotland and the Lakeland fells. The general reader who is not an expert, however, may turn first to the account of Everest, to see what hope is entertained that man will ultimately reach the roof of the world. Dr. Longstaff believes that the mountain "must inevitably yield" to continuous perseverance in attack, but does not minimise the dangers and difficulties. In a tribute to the 1933 expedition under Ruttledge, which attained 28,000 ft., he says: "Great credit must go to good leadership and a fine team for the avoidance of any casualty. That they succeeded in equalling Norton's record was really a great feat, because they had worse conditions on their climbs."

A famous Himalayan mountaineer who led the Everest expeditions of 1922 and 1924 has given us a delightful

and unpretentious book of reminiscences—"HIMALAYAN WANDERER." By Brig.-General Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B. With twenty-five Illustrations (Maclehose and Co.; 12s. 6d.). Although mountaineering is the main interest of the book, as it has been of the author's life, it does not monopolise the reader's attention. The volume is not a full autobiography, but General Bruce touches lightly on successive phases of his career, from his rampageous schooldays onwards, and recounts campaigning experiences in India and Gallipoli. He does not say much about his own Everest expeditions, but he gives an interesting sketch of Himalayan climbing and its history. He mentions that there are immense stretches of the Himalaya range still unexplored, especially in Nepal, and offering enormous scope for mountaineering.

Looking ahead, General Bruce takes occasion to defend modern youth against the charge of lacking enterprise. "The history of Himalayan mountaineering in the last ten years," he says, "gives the complete lie to such an insult to young Britons. Never in the course of the history of Himalayan exploration has the young man shown up better. The history of Everest alone points to that, and records of similar expeditions in different parts of the range only confirm this statement." The illustrations to the book are excellent, but sometimes insufficiently titled. Thus, under the group of the 1922

Mr. Smythe describes his Swiss travels in light and easy style, at the same time recalling, incidentally, some narrow escapes during his former climbs, as when he was struck by lightning during a thunderstorm near the ridge of the Schreckhorn. His photographs of Alpine scenery are among the best I have seen. An incidental allusion to Mount Everest has special value coming from one of his experience. "A man may climb an Alpine peak," he writes, "by brute physical force, and many examples are to be seen every year of great climbs accomplished by those whom I can only describe as mountaineering materialists; but the man who sets out to climb Everest, relying on physical forces, cannot succeed. Good physique is essential, but it counts for little beside the right mental approach to such a task, for this brings in its train physical rhythm and mental detachment, a detachment enabling the tapping of unsuspected reservoirs of spiritual force, which are capable of animating the body into doing what materialists would estimate as impossible."

Somewhere in General Bruce's book, I remember, he says that mountaineering is considered by many of its followers as "more than a sport, almost a religion." The same spirit animates a volume of memories by another celebrated mountaineer of the elder generation—"ALPINE PILGRIMAGE." By Dr. Julius Kugy, Hon. Member of the Alpine Club. Translated by H. E. G. Tyndale. With twenty-one Illustrations (Murray; 12s.). This book, I think, should rank among the classics of Alpine literature. There is a quality of beauty in the author's descriptions, and an engaging charm in his philosophical reflections, which I have not found surpassed in works of this type, and it breathes a spirit of humility not usually associated with the Teutonic mind. In the evening of his days, Dr. Kugy has learned to appreciate more than ever the beauty of the Alpine foothills. I should add that this book also contains many mountain photographs of extreme beauty.



"OXFORD FROM ABINGDON HILL"—BY J. M. W. TURNER: A LANDSCAPE EXHIBITED AT THE "GAINSBOROUGH TO DUNCAN GRANT EXHIBITION," AND OF PARTICULAR INTEREST AS IT IS DESCRIBED IN AN EXISTING LETTER FROM TURNER.

The landscape was painted in 1811-12 for a Mr. Wyatt. An autograph letter from Turner to this gentleman (which opens with an amusing reference to a hare and sausages received) is preserved and throws a strong side-light on the artist's attitude to landscape painting. "Respecting the venerable oak or elm," writes Turner (evidently referring to a tree in the foreground of the view which was familiar to Mr. Wyatt, but had been omitted in the picture), "you rather puzzle me if you wish either say so and it shall be done but fancy to yourself how a large tree would destroy the character of that burst of flat country with uninterrupted horizontal lines throughout the picture as seen from the spot we took it from—the hedgerow oaks are all pollards—but can be enlarged if you wish as to figures." I have not determined upon them—and even with them if you have any predilection for any or objects it is the same to me. . . . From out of the artist's strange punctuation and phrasing emerges a determination to be true to his conception, and not to be deflected by any consideration of what we might nowadays call photographic realism. The painting is to be seen at the Gainsborough to Duncan Grant Exhibition, now open at the Galleries of Thos. Agnew and Sons, in New Bond Street.

Everest party, no names are given, and under the photograph of Mount Gaurisankar there is no explanation of why it is called "the glorious impostor." Its name does not occur in the index.

One of the most distinguished among modern climbers, who during last year's Everest expedition made an attempt on the summit, with Mr. E. E. Shipton, now of Nanda Devi fame, tells the story of less strenuous efforts in "AN ALPINE JOURNEY." By F. S. Smythe. With 53 Photographs by the Author (Gollancz; 16s.). "It was a journey," he writes, "undertaken with the object of seeing as much as possible of Alpine Switzerland, its mountains, passes, alps, valleys, villages, towns, and people, and of recapturing something of the charm of mountain travel so delightfully described by the pioneers of Alpine mountaineering. . . . It took the Himalayas to teach me the delights of mountain travel, and I know now that to cross a range by a pass is every whit as enjoyable as climbing a peak. The journey was made alone, not because I hold any brief for solitary mountaineering or skiing, but because the inconveniences and indecisions of travel could be indulged to the heart's desire." This was wayfaring after the heart of Stevenson! Elsewhere Mr. Smythe declares: "The mountaineer should sometimes go alone upon the hills." As Sir William Watson has it—

Thither repair alone; the mountain heart
Not two may enter.

inmost heart. . . . When we enter their palaces, let us do so as modest guests in the house of the great. In my whole life I have leaned upon them as upon some stronger friend. They were so kind to me, in their gentle guidance, bringing me comfort and restoration after grave earthly sorrow. Such is a mountaineer's life, as I see it; such was the love and trust with which I turned to them; and thus, in the destined hour, will I bid my farewell to the everlasting hills."

It may not be out of place to mention in this connection a book of practical advice and instruction on one branch of skiing—namely, "SLALOM." Its Technique, Organisation, and Rules. By A. H. D'Egville, Author of "Modern Skiing." Illustrated by the Author (Edward Arnold; 7s. 6d.). Mr. D'Egville is no pedant, and scorns derivations, but he asks the novice to learn by heart his definition of a modern slalom as "the artificial concentration on one hill of a number of the difficulties and obstacles which might reasonably be encountered in a cross-country or downhill race, tour, or expedition." Not being a slalomer myself, I cannot judge this book as an expert, but Mr. D'Egville's reputation and experience speak for themselves. He can claim to have "probably set slaloms in more varied types of country than most people, from the open mountain slopes of the high Alps to the thick bush of Eastern Canada." If ever I go a-slaloming, I shall know where to consult the oracle. C. E. B.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: OUTSTANDING EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES.



SIR ROBERT McALPINE, BT.

Founder of the famous firm of contractors bearing his name. Died November 3; aged eighty-seven. Began his career as a bricklayer. The contracts carried out by his firm include the erection of the Wembley Exhibition; Takoradi Harbour and railway terminus, in Africa; and Dorchester House, Park Lane.



BARON EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD.

Son of Baron James Mayer de Rothschild. Died November 2; aged eighty-nine. He was a most generous philanthropist, who, it is computed, had contributed 70,000,000 francs to the cause of Jewish colonisation in Palestine, besides other large sums given in charity. He was famous for his collection of art treasures.



LORD DESART.

Died November 4; aged eighty-six. Became Solicitor to the Treasury, 1894, holding the office in conjunction with that of Queen's Proctor and Director of Public Prosecutions. One of four British Members of the Permanent International Court of Arbitration at the Hague, 1910. President, Prize Claims Committee, 1915.



THE NEW NICARAGUAN MINISTER AT ST. JAMES'S, WHO WAS RECENTLY RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE BY THE KING : DR. CONSTANTINO HERDOCIA.

Dr. Constantino Herdocia, the new Nicaraguan Ambassador to Great Britain and France, was received in audience by H.M. the King on the morning of November 6. Dr. Herdocia has spent much of his life in the Nicaraguan diplomatic service in Europe. From 1900 to 1906 he was Chargé d'affaires at the Legation in Paris.



FLOOD-LIGHTING AT ISTANBUL: A STRIKING EFFECT AT THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC.

The eleventh anniversary of the Proclamation of the Turkish Republic was celebrated in Istanbul on October 29. The ancient city was beautified by flood-lighting; and our photograph shows the Suleimanie mosque (built during the reign of Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century), rising above the Golden Horn on the night of the celebrations.



A WEDDING GIFT FOR PRINCESS MARINA: A DRESSING-JACKET EDGED WITH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LACE.

It was announced recently that the Queen had accepted a wedding gift for Princess Marina from the Buckinghamshire Lace Association, of which Lady (Edward) Inglefield is president. The gift is a dressing-jacket of pale pink crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with Buckinghamshire lace. The lace was made at Long Crendon, and is a reproduction of a pattern made for the marriage of Princess Mary of England to William of Orange.



A SUSSEX LANDMARK RESTORED: THE OLD HALMAKER MILL AS IT NOW APPEARS.

The old Halmaker Mill, near Goodwood, is here seen photographed after its restoration by Sir William Bird, as a memorial to his wife. For many years the mill had remained a ruin, its sails having been blown down in a gale. Lady Bird was a lover of the Sussex countryside round Halmaker.



CONFIDENT DEFENDER OF BRITISH CIVIL AVIATION: SIR ERIC GEDDES, CHAIRMAN OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, WITH A MODEL OF A NEW 175-M.P.H. PLANE.

At the Imperial Airways' annual general meeting on November 5, Sir Eric Geddes spoke of proposals for a seven days' air-mail service to Australia, and for an Atlantic air-service. He gave a most encouraging account of Imperial Airways' progress, and, among other things, said: "In spite of what is claimed for foreign aircraft, we are convinced that our services are by far the quickest and most comfortable in the world. Our standards of efficiency . . . are, we believe, second to none."



THE DESIGNER OF "ENDEAVOUR" HONOURED: MR. C. E. NICHOLSON (LEFT) MADE A FREEMAN OF GOSPORT AND GIVEN A MODEL "ENDEAVOUR" CASKET.

Mr. Charles E. Nicholson, designer of "Endeavour," the "America's" Cup Challenger, was presented with the freedom of his native borough of Gosport on November 5. This was the first time the honour had been bestowed. The freedom was presented by the Mayor, Alderman S. Barnard Smith. In place of the customary casket to contain the scroll and illuminated address, there was a model in silver of the "Endeavour." Eight hundred pieces of silver were used for the model, which weighed 60 oz. The wire used in the rigging varies from two to seven thousandths of an inch in thickness!



THE DEATH OF THE CREATOR OF "EROS": THE LATE SIR ALFRED GILBERT, WITH A MODEL OF ONE OF HIS FAMOUS STATUES.

Sir Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the sculptor who created "Eros" in Piccadilly Circus, died on November 4; aged eighty. He had an unfortunate quarrel with the Board of Works over this statue. By a flaw in the agreement the artist was left to pay for the metal in the statue himself. Other misfortunes led up to his self-imposed exile — from 1909 to 1926, to Bruges. However, on his return to England he executed the Duke of Clarence's tomb and the Queen Alexandra memorial. He is here seen in an Academy portrait by A. J. Nowell.



A DESIGN FROM NATURE—AND PHASES OF FLIGHT: A HUGE CLOUD OF STARLINGS NEAR THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST.

This immense flock of starlings, like the wild ducks shown on the opposite page, presents an interesting study of avian flight, showing a variety of patterns and angles. At the time when the above photograph was taken, a few days ago, the starlings had been massed over a Pembrokeshire moor, near Fishguard, awaiting a

favourable opportunity to start on their annual migration from our shores. They had been delayed beyond their usual time of departure by a succession of fierce gales continuing for over three weeks. Every morning they flew over Goodwick in a great cloud, awakening people by the noise of their wings.

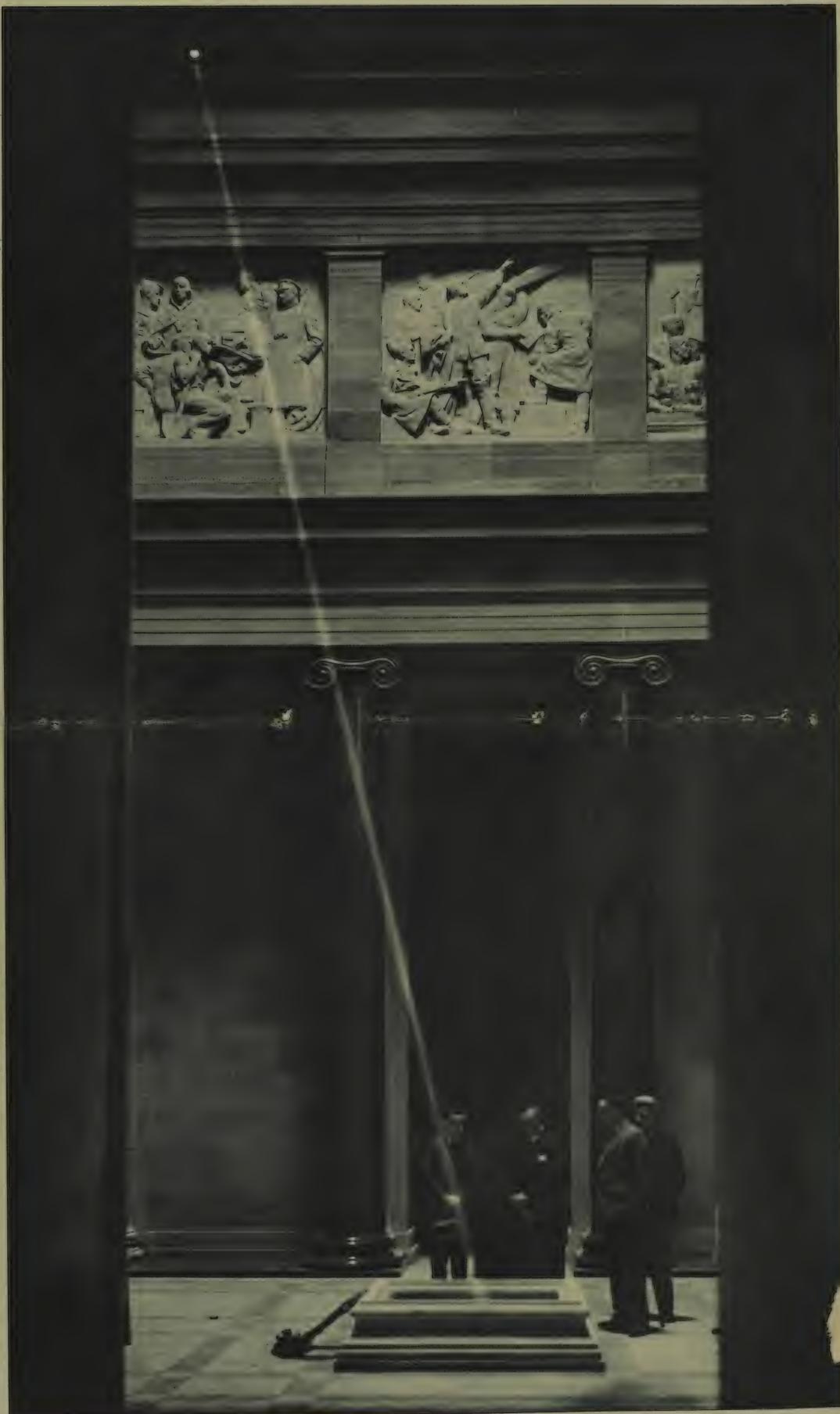
**A DESIGN FROM NATURE—AND PHASES OF FLIGHT: A HUGE CLOUD OF WILD DUCK OVER A LAKE NEAR SEATTLE.**

As a study of bird flight in the mass, with its variations of angle and pattern effects, the above photograph forms a companion picture to that on the opposite page showing a great flock of starlings ready for migration near the coast of Wales. The wild ducks, partly no doubt owing to their larger size, appear to be more

closely packed in the air, in contrast to the "open order" of the smaller birds. This photograph, it is explained, shows only a small proportion of the vast numbers of ducks haunting the waters of Lake Washington, near Seattle, in the State of Washington, on the west or Pacific coast of the United States.

We illustrate here a remarkable feature of the Shrine of Remembrance in the Victorian National War Memorial at Melbourne, the dedication of which the Duke of Gloucester has arranged to attend, in connection with the celebrations commemorating the centenary of Victoria. The dedication takes place on Armistice Day, at the customary hour of its observance, 11 o'clock on the morning of the 11th day of the 11th month.

"At this moment," to quote a description supplied with the photograph, "a shaft of sunlight falling through an aperture, which was provided during the construction of the Memorial, will shine on the centre of the Rock of Remembrance. The gradual movement of the 'Eye of Light' across the Rock is most impressive, and to the uninitiated it seems surprising that the position of the aperture can be computed so that the shaft of light may reach the centre of the Rock at eleven o'clock year after year. Actually, the path of the shaft of light across the Rock varies slightly from year to year, but so that it returns every year almost exactly to the path it traversed four years before. The fact that the last year of the century is not a leap year unless the year number is divisible by 400 ensures further adjustment, so that the path will always, century after century, pass close to the centre of the Rock. The position of the aperture has been computed so that the shaft of light is closest to the centre of the Rock at 11 a.m. Standard time at present. This corresponds to a definite time before the sun crosses the meridian. The Standard time at which the sun crosses the meridian changes very slowly, so that after 2300 years it will cross almost two minutes later than it does now. Two thousand years later still it will cross at the same hour as at present, and then for several thousand years it will cross earlier and earlier, until it will cross some thirteen and a half minutes earlier than at present. There will thus be a slow swing in the time at which the shaft of light will pass closest to the centre of the Rock of Remembrance, from 11.2 a.m. at latest to 10.45 a.m. at earliest. For the next five thousand years the shaft of light will be closest to the centre within two minutes of 11 o'clock. For the computation of the position of the sun and of the change in position of the shaft of light the Committee are indebted to the Government Astronomer, Dr. J. M. Baldwin. The survey work for fixing the position of the aperture in the Memorial, and the calculations in connection therewith, were carried out by the Consulting Surveyors to the War Memorial Committee, Frank J. Doolan and Charles T. L. Goodchild, of Melbourne. The astronomical side of the calculations is further detailed in the following explanatory note: "With a predetermined diameter of three inches for the aperture in the inside wall, the position of which was fixed by the calculated mean position of the sun at 11 o'clock Standard time for November 11, it was then necessary to compute the size, shape, and orientation of an aperture which was to be left in the outer wall, so that it would include every position of the sun at the annual critical moment, with due regard to the considerable range of variation in both directions as calculated by the astronomer. This range of variation totalled fifteen seconds of time in the Hour Angle governed by the change in Equation of Time, and thirty-six minutes of Arc in Azimuth due to the yearly change in declination. The bearing of the main Swanston Street axis of the shrine was determined in relation to the true meridian by solar observations, and the true position of the centre of the mean position of the shaft of sunlight was then set out accurately on the form work, so that apertures in the concrete superstructure could be left in both the inner and outer walls of the Memorial. Later it was necessary to calculate the size and shape of the aperture when projected to the planes of the particular stones in the masonry which would be affected. The only complete check on the accuracy of the survey work was obtained by waiting until the next November 11, when the sun would be in its computed position. This took place in 1931, and verified the accuracy of the calculations and survey work, when it was observed that the sunlight shone on the central Rock of Remembrance at the appointed time. The area of the patch of sunlight, which illuminates the immortal words, 'Greater Love Hath No Man,' which are inscribed on the Rock, is 9 in. on its major axis, and 8½ in. on its minor axis, which, to an observer, would appear as circular."



THE EYE OF LIGHT ON THE ROCK OF REMEMBRANCE:
A SUNBEAM FALLING ON MELBOURNE'S SHRINE ON ARMISTICE DAY, AS IT WILL FOR EVERMORE.

THE DUKE OF KENT TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, SPONSORED BY TWO OF HIS BROTHERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE DUKE OF KENT, INTRODUCED BY HIS SPONSORS, THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, IN WHICH

The "London Gazette" of October 9, it may be recalled, contained the following announcement! "The King has been pleased to direct Letters Patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the Realm granting unto his Majesty's Son, His Royal Highness Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund, K.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., and the heir male of his body lawfully begotten, the dignities of Baron Downpatrick, 'Earl of St. Andrews, and Duke of Kent." Here we illustrate the new Duke's introduction into the

House of Lords, on Wednesday, November 7, a ceremony of peculiar interest in view of his Royal Highness's approaching marriage. His sponsors were two of his three brothers (all members of the House)—the Prince of Wales (who sits as Duke of Cornwall) and the Duke of York. The other Princes of the Blood Royal already members are the Duke of Gloucester (now in Australia) and the Duke of Connaught. As the three Princes entered the House, the procession was led by Black Rod, Garter King-of-

OF YORK, PRESENTING HIS LETTERS PATENT TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR: A HISTORIC CEREMONY THREE OF THE KING'S SONS TOOK PART.

Arms, and the Lord Great Chamberlain. Then came, in succession, the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent, and the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Kent presented his Letters Patent to the Lord Chancellor (in the Woolsack), who delivered them to Garter King-of-Arms, who in turn handed them to the Clerk of the Parliament. The Clerk having read the document and also the Writ of Summons, the Duke took the Oath: "I swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His

Majesty King George V., his heirs and successors, according to law. So help me, God." Having subscribed the Oath by signing the Roll—"Kent," the Duke of Kent then occupied a chair beside the Throne, which was placed on the floor of the House. There seated, he then saluted the Lord Chancellor (who turned to face him) by raising his cocked hat, and the Lord Chancellor acknowledged each salutation by raising the three-cornered hat upon his wig. The ceremony thus concluded.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE MANILA TYPHOON, BY WHICH SOME 55,000 PEOPLE WERE RENDERED HOMELESS: ONE OF THE SMALL INTER-ISLAND STEAMERS DRIVEN ASHORE.

A typhoon struck Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, on the morning of October 16, and damage estimated at nearly £400,000 was done. Over forty people were believed to have lost their lives, and about 55,000 were rendered homeless. The American steamer "Gertrude Kellogg" (5063 tons) was driven ashore, as was the British steamer "Glenogle" (9513 tons), of the Glen Line; but in neither of these cases was serious damage done. Four small inter-island



MANILA STREETS FLOODED BY AN 11-INCH RAINFALL DURING THE TYPHOON: STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES SPLASHING THEIR WAY HOME. SHIPS AND SEVERAL FISHING-BOATS WERE WRECKED. THE STREETS OF THE CITY WERE FLOODED BY AN ELEVEN-INCH RAINFALL WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE TYPHOON, AND THE MAIN STREET, THE ESCOLTA, WAS SUBMERGED BY THREE FEET OF WATER. CABLE COMMUNICATION WAS NOT INTERRUPTED, BUT ALL THE WIRELESS STATIONS WERE PUT OUT OF ACTION. THE GOVERNOR DECLARED A PUBLIC HOLIDAY, SO THAT EVERYONE COULD HELP IN CLEARING UP THE DEBRIS LEFT BY THE STORM, AND LARGE FORCES OF CONVICTS ALSO TOOK PART.



A NATIVE CORROBOREE AT OOLDEA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WITNESSED BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: ABORIGINES DANCING IN FULL WAR-PAINT AND WEARING SHORTS.

The Duke of Gloucester, in his long train journey across the desert from Perth to Adelaide, stopped at Ooldea, a lonely outpost in South Australia, to witness an aboriginal corroboree. The natives performed their ceremonial dances in full war-paint, bearing spears, shields, and boomerangs; but, somewhat incongruously, also wore shorts. On October 12 the Duke arrived in Adelaide, an aerial escort accompanying his train. He received a welcome of extraordinary enthusiasm, dense crowds lining the route of the royal procession. An official greeting was given by the Lord Mayor



A ROYAL WELCOME AT ADELAIDE: THE DUKE'S PROCESSION, ACCOMPANIED BY CAVALRY, INFANTRY, AND POLICE ESCORTS, PASSING THROUGH KING WILLIAM STREET, WHICH IS GAILY DECORATED, OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL, TO WHICH THE DUKE REPLIED, RECALLING THAT THE CITY TOOK ITS NAME FROM QUEEN ADELAIDE AT THE EXPRESS WISH OF KING WILLIAM IV. IN THE AFTERNOON THE DUKE ATTENDED THE ROYAL SHOW, AND IN THE EVENING THE MAYORAL BALL AFTER DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. ON ANOTHER PAGE WE ILLUSTRATE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S ACTIVITIES IN MELBOURNE.



A NEW ZEALAND HURRICANE WHICH, BLOWING AT ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, DID IMMENSE DAMAGE IN WAIRARAPA: A DEMOLISHED GRAND STAND.

A severe hurricane, blowing at about a hundred miles an hour, struck the Wairarapa district, in the extreme south of North Island, on the morning of October 1. Telegraph lines were blown down over a wide area, and extensive damage was done at Masterton, Carterton, and Greytown, where plantations were levelled, numerous buildings were unroofed, and windows were blown in. The gale shifted a small building a considerable distance, uprooted great trees, overturned motor-



A LARGE OMNIBUS OVERTURNED BY A GUST OF WIND IN THE NEW ZEALAND HURRICANE—WHEN, ALTHOUGH IT WAS FILLED WITH PEOPLE, NONE WAS INJURED. CARS, AND SCATTERED PLANKS AT A TIMBER-MILL LIKE MATCHWOOD. OUR RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A LARGE BUS OVERTURNED ON THE ROAD BETWEEN MASTERTON AND GREYTOWN. ALTHOUGH IT WAS FILLED WITH WORKERS AND SCHOOLCHILDREN AT THE TIME, NO SEVERE INJURIES OCCURRED; AND IT WAS A HAPPY AND UNUSUAL FEATURE OF THE STORM THAT NO SEVERE INJURIES WERE REPORTED AS CAUSED BY IT AT ALL. THIS WAS IN NOTABLE CONTRAST WITH THE MANILA TYPHOON, ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, IN WHICH MANY PERISHED.

BOSCH OF AEKEN NOW REPRESENTED IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



"THE CROWNING WITH THORNS."—BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH, WHOSE WORK IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE.

The National Gallery recently acquired this picture by Hieronymus Bosch of Aeken, and it has just been put on view in Room XV. It is painted in oil on a thin panel measuring 29 in. by 23 in. (sight), and is in excellent preservation. The work of Bosch is exceedingly rare, and he has hitherto been one of the very few important artists not represented in the National Gallery. The date of his birth is unknown. He appears in a register of artists in 1484 and died in 1516; and, since the portraits of him which have come down to us seem to represent a man of at least seventy years old, he must have been born somewhere about

the year 1450. He is chiefly remembered as a painter of lurid scenes filled with small figures performing the most fantastic actions or undergoing unspeakable indignities. The example purchased by the National Gallery, however, shows him in a less usual vein. His peculiar types are modified, so that two of Christ's executioners have considerable pathos and dignity, while the two grotesque types have something of the dramatic value of Shakespeare's clowns. In the Christ himself Bosch has created a type of resignation which has a beauty foreign to his usual work.—[REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

AMONG the many traditions and superstitions in the World of the Theatre is the fear that two kinds of plays are taboo by fate. The one is the drama that deals with finance; the other is that which describes the scenes behind the scenes, and actors in *déshabillé*.



"HYDE PARK CORNER," AT THE APOLLO: A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHARACTERS IN THE FIRST ACT OF THE PLAY BEHIND THEIR MODERN COUNTERPARTS.

The action of "Hyde Park Corner" centres round the feud between the Gannets and the Chesters, which began in 1780 and is played out to the bitter end in 1934. From left to right are seen J. H. Roberts as Sir Arthur Gannet in the eighteenth century and as Benson, a butler (but Gannet by blood), in the twentieth; Godfrey Tearle as Captain Richard Concannon (alias Carstairs) in the eighteenth century and as Sir Richard Carstairs, K.C., in the twentieth; Marion Lorne as Sophia Wittering and Sophie Wittering; and Gordon Harker as Samuel Cheate and P.C. Cheate.

But there is one that was an immediate success, and enjoyed a long run. I refer to "Trelawney of the Wells," by Sir Arthur Pinero, which was the unconscious forerunner, and almost a twin, of "Theatre Royal," by Miss Edna Ferber and Mr. George Kaufman, which, now at the Lyric, has deflected the swing of the pendulum. For not only was the first night a triumph, mainly in acting by Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Madge Titheradge, Mr. Laurence Olivier, and their fellow-players, but the quaint force which we call lip-to-lip transmission linked the artistic success to a big library deal.

And yet, now that I have named "Trelawney," and mentally compared the two plays, I would not fail to pay my tribute to our grand master, Pinero: in structure, in depth of characterisation, in intuition and suavity of satire, his work was (nay, is) infinitely superior to the American comedy, which, with all its qualities, is a glamorous skit, with snatches instead of studies of character, *du théâtre*, excellent at that and in parts vastly amusing, but only skin-deep. And structurally it shows a flaw which, although in the general sphere of hilarity it passed almost unobserved, yet somewhat damped the reception of the third and last act, after the boisterous ovation bestowed on the second. I refer to what the musicians call a sudden change of diapason of the pitch, a difficult and mostly dangerous surprise to practise. In "Theatre Royal," up to very nearly the end, everything was mad and merry; even the temperamental outbursts of the daughters of the Cavendish tribe and that flibbertigibbety eldest son merely skimmed the tragic. The authors' object was to make us laugh and to keep us laughing, when, all of a sudden, tragedy descended upon comedy like a destructive thunderbolt. Old Mrs. Cavendish, so far as lively as a cricket, full of beans and plans for a farewell tour, got an attack of angina, and, ere all the family was gathered around her, passed on. No doubt the final picture of the dynasty forgathered round her fauteuil, her favourite daughter kneeling at her feet, the latest baby carried in her mother's arms—as it were to announce to the world that the Cavendishes don't die out—was poignant, but it undeniably upset the public.

CRIME PLAYS.

The Crime Play—that is, the play which turns on some anti-social action—can, of course, be developed into a profound exploration of character, as in the case of "Macbeth";

but this is not the general purpose of this sort of theatrical effort. Generally speaking, these plays have no more value than that of the ephemeral magazine story, and are contrived with the same intention—to pass away an idle hour pleasantly. "Who killed Cock Robin?" is a query that has fastened our attention since we were children, and the writer of crime plays, taking this as his cue, sets out at once to start us guessing. He works with the skill of a conjurer, and, like Maskelyne, aims at fogging us with every twist of his tale. The plot is designed that will throw out suspicions in every direction but the true one, and a conclusion is arranged that will persuade us—if the play is a good one—that we are hopeless amateur detectives. If this were the only test, "C.I.D." at the Playhouse, would fall very short, for the last act, where the tangled threads are sorted, is the weakest. Indeed, the story in this case has no sort of ordered logic, and the author seems unable to make the most of the situations he has fashioned. We get the movement on the stage—masked men hiding in cupboards, and a lovely conspirator creeping downstairs—but the dialogue is never taut enough to make us grip our seats.

Yet "C.I.D." does not fail as entertainment, in spite of its structural weakness or its woolly talk. One of the factors, that the audience must begin guessing, works in an unexpected way. There is a bag in full view, a bag to which our attention has been directed, for it contains a priceless necklace. But, by a clever piece of stage trickery, it vanishes into thin air. Nobody saw it go. Everybody speculates, and Mr. William Haslam, the author, together with Mr. Leon M. Lion, the producer, have scored a bull. Then, by virtue of the accomplished acting of Mr. Lion as the suave, resourceful crook, and that of his accomplice, Miss Olga Lindo, in the rôle of adventuress, the incredible parts are almost made credible, and that in itself wins appreciation. The play, however, seeks its entertainment not only in its surprise, but in its farcical humours, and, with Mr. Peter Haddon to make these burlesques amusing, what is lost on the swings of probability is won on the roundabouts of nonsense.

The piece escapes dullness partly through the excellence of the performance, partly through the animation on the stage, and partly because we are still guessing about that vanished attaché-case when we leave the theatre.

"Line Engaged," at the Duke of York's, is steadier in its construction, for the farcical element comes in as comic relief—and, by the way, Miss Kathleen Harrison's performance as the charwoman is a real delight—but relief that is an integral part of the plot. The secret as to who killed the blackmailing husband is not only cleverly kept, but the disclosure at the end is good enough to be acceptable. We have been kept guessing because the puzzle has been neatly dovetailed, and Messrs. William Fox, Sam Livesey, Ralph Truman, and Lewis Casson have each parts that in themselves suggest solutions, and their business, admirably done, is to see that we speculate in their possibilities; while Miss Jessica Tandy and Miss Louise Hampton bring the necessary emphasis to their distressed positions. Mr. Wallace Geoffrey, as the villain, was good enough—or bad enough—to see that we did not waste our sympathies in the wrong place. The complications follow swiftly, because it would never do if we had time for our detective ingenuities. Which bullet and which revolver are problems, and the clues are mixed with the conjurer's sleight-of-hand. It is the game to confuse and to surprise, and



"SWEET ALOES" AT WYNDHAM'S: BELINDA BAKER (DIANA WYNYARD) IN HER EMBARRASSING INTERVIEW WITH LADY FARRINGTON (JOYCE CAREY), WHO HAS ACCEPTED BELINDA'S CHILD AS HER OWN.

"Sweet Aloes" is by Jay Mallory; now revealed as Joyce Carey, the actress-daughter of Lillian Braithwaite. Belinda has a child by the future Lord Farrington. She agrees that it shall be recognised as the Farrington heir, since the future Lady Farrington is childless. Later, when she has become the wife of Jim Baker, she meets Lord and Lady Farrington unexpectedly in America.

in this Messrs. Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin show themselves adepts—which is to say, they provide a good entertainment.

"Lovers' Leap," at the Vaudeville, is not a crime play, yet this light comedy of Mr. Philip Johnson is not without affinities, considered as a piece for the theatre. It is just as unreal in its fantasy, just as much peopled by puppets without independent life, just as much a waste of time, but a pleasant waste of time, and has the same single object of amusement. It affords good opportunities to the players, led brilliantly by Mr. Owen Nares, and, while we never accept the story as more than a vehicle for performance, we get the same pleasure as in the detective plays in watching the precision and timing of the action. Here, too, there is no genuine distinction, though much humour, in the writing; but there is a craftsmanship which fills three acts with invention. But in this case Mr. Johnson can learn something from the crime play. That he has an instinct for comedy is patent, but his play lacks the logic of a well-dovetailed plot to stiffen attention, though I might add he can spring a persuasive surprise for a conclusion with all the craft of the detective-story writer.



"LOVERS' LEAP," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: NORA SWINBURNE AS HELEN STORER; URSULA JEANS AS SARAH TRAILLE; OWEN NARES AS ROGER STORER, WHO HAS TEMPORARILY RETURNED TO HIS WIFE; AND WALTER HUDD AS CEDRIC NORREYS, SARAH'S BASHFUL FIANCÉ (L. TO R.).

In "Lovers' Leap," the play produced by Owen Nares, Helen and Roger Storer—on the point of divorce—pretend to be happily married in order to induce Sarah and Cedric to get wed also. But their scheme turns out badly; and Roger ends by so interesting Cedric in his hobby, Egyptology, that Cedric no longer has any thought for marriage.

OLD MASTERS UNDER THE HAMMER: FINE WORKS FROM A FORTHCOMING SALE.

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"RIVER SCENE WITH A TURRETED WATER CASTLE."—
BY JAN VAN GOYEN. (1596-1665.)
(Signed and Dated 1647.)



"CAMP SCENE WITH SOLDIERS PLAYING CARDS IN
THE OPEN."—BY ALBERT CUYP. (1620-1691.)
(Signed. Panel. 18½ by 28½ in.)



"THE MERRY TOPER."—BY FRANS HALS. (1580-1666.)
(Panel. 10 by 8 in.)



"CHARLES, SECOND VISCOUNT MAYNARD."—
BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A. (1753-1839.)
(83 by 50 in.)



"LA RÊVEUSE."—BY J. B. GREUZE. (1725-1805.)
(17½ by 14½ in.)



"VIEW OF A DUTCH CITY ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER."—BY A. VAN DER NEER.
(c. 1603-1677.)
(Signed. 16½ by 20½ in.)



"A WINTER LANDSCAPE: A FROZEN CANAL."—BY JAKOB VAN RUYSDAEL.
(c. 1625-1682.)
(Signed. 25 by 37½ in.)

The pictures here illustrated are to come under the hammer at Sotheby's on November 21. For the most part, our reproductions and titles are self-explanatory, but an additional note or two may be of value: The full description of the Cuyp is: "Camp scene with soldiers playing cards in the open; in the foreground on the left a man on horseback; and in the distance other soldiers in camp. Effect of misty setting sun."—"The Merry Toper" is a newly discovered Frans Hals. It belonged to the late Mr. C. J. Longman. — Viscount Maynard (1751-1824) is

wearing the dress of the Master of the Essex Hunt, whose kennels were at Easton. — The Greuze was in the Nicolas de Demidoff Collection. — The full description of the van Ruysdael is: "On the bank of a frozen canal is a village, with warehouses on the water-front; a boat lies in the snow; figures are walking or skating on the ice; boys are snowballing—one of them has fallen." Among the other pictures to be sold are a cricketing scene and a conversation piece by Arthur Devis; portraits of horses by Ben Marshall and J. Seymour; and "Cupids in a Landscape" by Boucher.

A "GREEK POMPEII": EXCAVATIONS AT OLYNTHUS.

A CITY OF CLASSICAL GREECE—DESTROYED BY PHILIP OF MACEDON IN 348 B.C.: THE ONLY GREEK CITY SO FAR EXCAVATED WITH ITS COMPLETE SYSTEM OF STREETS AND BLOCKS OF PRIVATE HOUSES.

Extracts from an Article by PROFESSOR DAVID M. ROBINSON, Professor of Archaeology, Epigraphy, and Greek, the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, Director of Excavations. (See also Illustrations on Pages 767, 768, and 769.)

THE third campaign of the Johns Hopkins University Expedition at the site identified as Olynthus in 1928, about thirty-five miles south of Saloniki, continued from the middle of March till the end of June, with a staff of fifteen and about four hundred workmen. The results were even more startling than those of 1928 and 1931. (See *The Illustrated London News*, May 26, 1928, and Jan. 23 and 30, 1932.) About Olynthus, Demosthenes wrote three Olynthian orations in a vain endeavour to save it from destruction, knowing full well that, if Olynthus fell, Philip of Macedon would next turn against Greece, as he actually did, winning the battle of Chaeronea ten years later (338 B.C.), and so preparing the way for his son, Alexander, to conquer the world. Olynthus, as the form of its name implies, was a very ancient city. A site about a mile away was already settled three thousand years before Christ, and Olynthus itself was inhabited by Greek settlers long before the Chalcidians came, and was not originally a Chalcidian colony or foundation, as the books say.

All our finds date before 348 B.C., and are Hellenic (before 323 B.C.), not Hellenistic (after 323 B.C.). For archaeological investigation and for the history of art, this *terminus ante quem* is valuable for determining chronological and stylistic differences. We have broken down the barrier between Hellenic and Hellenistic. Many realistic tendencies started in the days of idealism long before the death of Alexander in 323 B.C., and many works which seem to date in Hellenistic times, we can now place before 348 B.C. Perhaps an even greater importance of the discovery and excavation of Olynthus is that it is the only Greek city from the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. of which we know the complete plan and from which we have houses with mosaics. Our Olynthian Hellenic houses fill a lost chapter in the history of domestic architecture. The classical Greek houses were not so modest in rooms, arrangements and furnishings, as is stated in the handbooks. Instead of mean establishments of two or three rooms, there were houses with eight or twelve rooms on the ground floor and probably as many more in the second storey, for which we have evidence in the stone foundation in the court for a wooden stairway such as is actually preserved in later Roman houses at Herculaneum. The houses are generally about seventeen metres square, but in several cases a man could appropriate part of his neighbour's property, if he were wealthy. If he were poor, he could sell or let out part of his house. Generally there are three or four rooms on the north side of a loggia or *pastas* (Fig. 1), to catch the sunlight from the south, as the houses did not have central heating. Other rooms were on other sides of the open court, which sometimes had columns on one or more sides and in a few cases an actual peristyle. The houses were arranged with common party walls in complexes or *insulae* of ten, five on either side of an alley (Fig. 1). Only the stone foundations are preserved, as the upper portions were of sun-dried bricks. Frequently the living-room or men's room had a slightly raised cement border, about one metre broad, and a central sunk portion. Often bathrooms occur, with terra-cotta hip-baths still in place (Figs. 21 and 23). One house had two bathrooms on the ground floor. The furniture was of wood, and so the couches and chairs disappeared in Philip's conflagration, since metal beds were first used in the days of Alexander. But the Olynthians had many comforts, as well as beautiful vases, bronzes, coins, and terra-cottas to adorn their houses. We find good terra-cotta pipes for drainage, as well as cisterns, wash-basins, and lavatories.

We found coins in the houses and many vases, including three Panathenaic vases which were given as prizes in the games at Athens; but especially many bronze fibulas, finger-rings, ear-rings, keys, and bronze discs (Figs. 18 and 19) to be attached to the wooden doors, with a hole in the middle for the insertion of the key. Two beautiful bronze phialæ or dishes, with palmette handles, were found in one house. The bronzes of this year (over 1500) are many and various, all sorts of lamps, dishes, rings, bracelets, pins, nails, beads, toilet and surgical instruments, strigils, vase-handles, fish-hooks, knitting-needles, weights, horses' bits, door-handles and knockers, socket-ends for spears, round sockets or *lochoi* for door-posts to turn in, etc. But the perfect Greek bronze brazier (Fig. 20), discovered hidden under the floor-level in a corner of a house to escape the eyes of Philip's soldiers, is unique. It is 35 centimetres high and 66 broad, with two handles, of which the curved ends take the form of snakes' heads. The rivets are well preserved

on inside and outside. When the brazier was not used for holding hot coals to warm the hands or for cooking purposes or as a hearth, it could be turned upside down and employed for washing. It is covered with a beautiful blue patina. For washing the dishes and the hands, such an elliptical terra-cotta

basin as is seen in Fig. 22 was used, the pipe put through the wall of the house to carry off the waste-water into the alley or street. Such are still used in houses in Macedonia and Turkey. Fig. 10 shows an antefix or end roof-tile with a palmette and scroll painted red and blue. Fig. 11 illustrates a unique roof-tile with a love inscription, "Menon is beautiful," cut with the mason's fingers while he was laying the roof and the clay was still moist. Menon may have been the owner of the house or the tile-maker's favourite boy. The

Avenue B, or Main Street. We have excavated several small houses and three large houses at the north end of Avenue B, including one with a remarkable pebble mosaic (Fig. 6), with all sorts of symbols arranged in no order or rhythm, double-axes, wheels, circles, squares, spirals, mazes, zigzags, and nearly a dozen *Hakenkreuzer*, or swastikas. Such a modernistic freedom of art and such a hodge-podge, reminding one of the later Roman mosaic representing an unswept floor, is something new in pre-Hellenistic Greek art, and is a revelation of the varied versatility of the Greek. We have also excavated three large detached houses or villas in the suburbs to the south-east. On the South Hill we also cleared this year several more houses or shops, especially along the west and north edges. The old town on the South Hill was laid out with two main streets running north and south, one along the west, another along the east edge, with a row of shops or small houses on the outer side, leading up to the civic centre and the *prytaneum*. There were several cross-roads with houses on either side, but these were irregular and not straight. At the north end the system was varied to suit the narrowing breadth of the hill and to conform to its edges. An arsenal or stoa, found this year, with bases for interior columns and entrance pillars, was at the north-western corner, and probably the exterior walls of the houses served for fighting and defence. On the North Hill, where the new city of the Chalcidic League was built, the same system was followed, but it was much more regular. The North Hill was laid off in accordance with the rules of Hippodamus, the great architect of Miletus, whose plan was used for Miletus, Piraeus, Rhodes, Alexandria, Selinus, and many a modern city. There was a network of straight streets running at right angles to one another at uniform intervals. We have determined the position of four long north-south avenues. They orient a little east of north in order to parallel the steep west edge of the North Hill and so eliminate wasteful angular areas. We have termed these "avenues," in order to distinguish them readily from those running east-west,

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which we call "streets." The avenues are approximately of the same width (slightly less than 5 metres), except the second avenue from the west (Avenue B, or Main Street), which is about 5.85 metres broad. This we have followed to the extreme north, to a large, thick, sun-dried brick fortification wall, and to the south, where it enters the open agora or market-place, again west of the terra-cotta factory discovered in 1928. Just before it enters the agora, we found on its west side the Public Stores, a Doric Stoa, and a Fountain-House. The east-west cross-streets intersect the avenues at regular intervals, forming rectangular blocks of uniform size, 86.6 metres from east to west by 35.5 metres from north to south. We have located thirteen cross-streets, but after Thirteenth Street, as I could clearly discern from an aeroplane which the Greek Government put at my disposal, and in which I flew six times over the hills, the plan changes. Avenue A ends at Thirteenth Street, and the plan becomes diagonal to conform to the edge of the hill, which here diminishes in breadth. Instead of two houses to a block on the west side, we have five, and the blocks are two houses deep instead of five. The great ingenuity of the Greek contractor who laid out the city, to adapt his plan to the hill and to change it to meet needs, is clearly demonstrated, contradicting the statement of a great German scholar, von Gerkan, who, in his book on "Ancient City Plans," says that the Greeks never made changes from the prescribed system.

One of the most sensational and important discoveries at Olynthus in this season's campaign has been a large house in the suburbs, with a frontage of about 26 metres and a depth of 17 metres. The usual type of Olynthian house, of which we have excavated some twenty-four more this season, has, as we have said, a frontage of only 17 metres and only three or four rooms north of the court and facing the south. This house (see Fig. 3) has, at the rear, five rooms beside the rear entrance room, a large *pastas* or loggia with a room at either end, and a large room at the front, on either side of porticoes and of a peristyle court with an altar in the middle. The walls in some places are preserved to a height of one and a half to two metres, and covered with a nice smooth stucco, painted white below and red above. And we found some of the mud-bricks which composed the upper part of the wall. Where the arrow pointing south is, the base of a stairway leading to the second storey is preserved. If the second storey also had ten rooms, there were in all twenty rooms, besides the peristyle with three columns on each side, and besides the balconies, entrances, and loggias or porticoes. Trial trenches in all directions failed to reveal adjoining houses, as elsewhere at Olynthus, and in all probability there were gardens or open spaces on all sides, as in the House of the Comedian, which we excavated in 1931. This section of the town seems to have been outside the city walls, but desirable for wealthy residences, as it is protected from the North Macedonian winds, and has a fine view of the mountains to the east (including Mt. Athos, where no women are allowed) and of Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus to the west, as well as a magnificent outlook toward the sea and the peninsulas of Pallene and Terone. It must have been not an ordinary house, but rather a villa of some wealthy man. An inscription (see above)

[Continued on page 780]



I. CITY PLANNING AT OLYNTHUS, WHERE THE STREETS GENERALLY ARE PARALLEL, WITH CROSSINGS AT RIGHT ANGLES: A VIEW OF "STREET 7" (LEFT) AND THE NEXT HALF-BLOCK NORTH, WITH FIVE HOUSES IN IT, CLEARLY RECOGNISED FROM THEIR FOUNDATIONS.



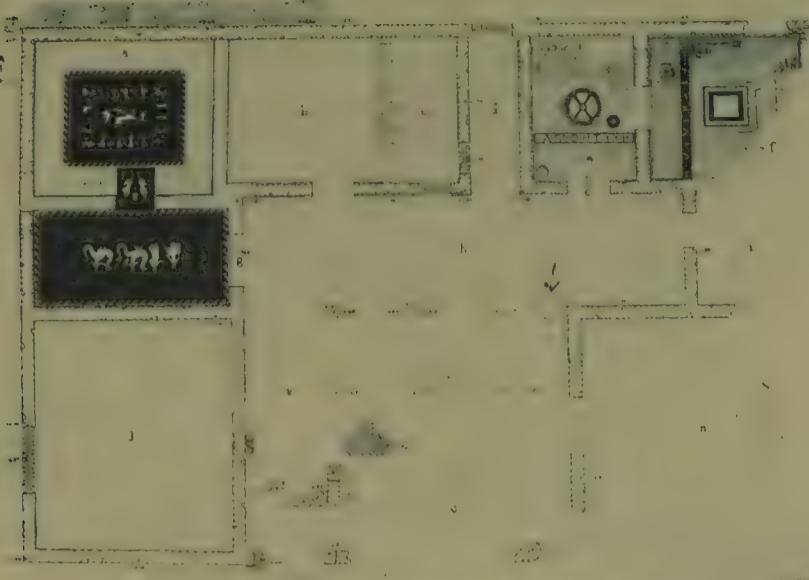
2. THE "PAINTED TOMB," A LITTLE TO THE WEST OF OLYNTHUS: THE BEAUTIFUL DOORWAY LEADING TO THE CHAMBER, ORIGINALLY CLOSED BY FOUR LARGE SLABS.

"One of the best chamber tombs ever found in Macedonia," according to Professor Robinson, this tomb was unfortunately rifled in antiquity, and all its contents were removed. The occupant must have been a very prominent citizen of Olynthus. The tomb has painted stucco on all sides, a band of blue at the bottom, then a broad band of white, one of red, and another at the top of white. Further illustrations of these most interesting excavations are given on the next three pages.

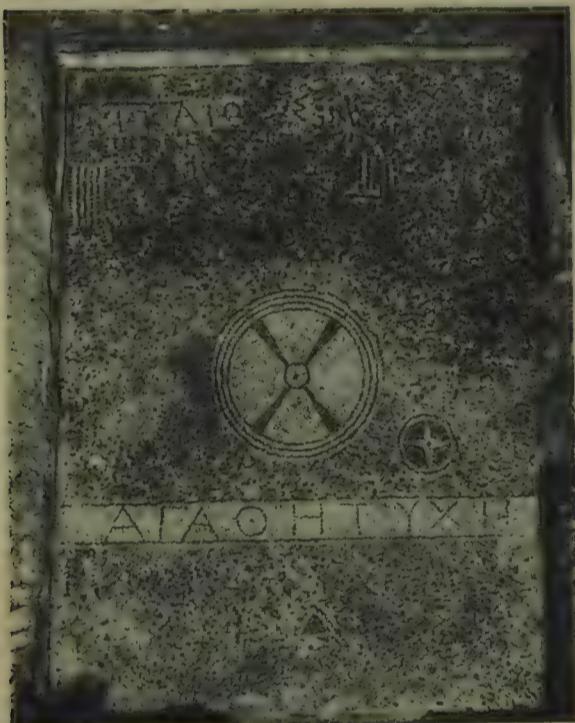
Photographs by the Johns Hopkins University Expedition.

THE "VILLA OF GOOD FORTUNE" AT OLYNTHUS: SUPERB PEBBLE MOSAICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION. (SEE ALSO PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



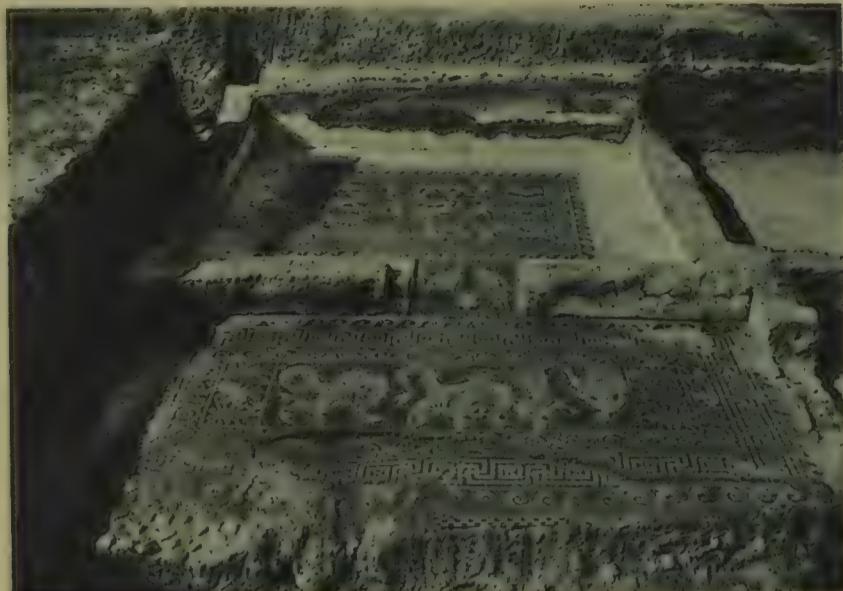
3. A PLAN OF THE "VILLA OF GOOD FORTUNE" AT OLYNTHUS; SHOWING THE MEN'S ROOM (TOP LEFT), THE PORTICO (BELOW IT), THE WIFE'S ROOM (TOP RIGHT), AND ITS ENTRANCE ROOM—ALL WITH COLOURED PEBBLE MOSAICS; A LARGE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.



5. THE ENTRANCE ROOM TO THE WIFE'S ROOM, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL PEBBLE MOSAIC: AN INSCRIPTION, "ΑΓΑΘΗ ΤΥΧΗ" (GOOD FORTUNE), BELOW THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.



6. A PEBBLE MOSAIC IN A HOUSE ON "AVENUE B"; WITH VARIED SYMBOLS ARRANGED APPARENTLY HAP-HAZARD—DOUBLE-AXES, WHEELS, CIRCLES, SQUARES, ZIGZAGS, AND SWASTIKAS.



4. THE PORTICO OF THE VILLA (FOREGROUND); SHOWING THE ACHILLES MOSAIC, WITH THETIS APPROACHING HIM, FOLLOWED BY TWO NEREIDS ON SEA-SERPENTS; THE ENTRANCE TO THE MEN'S ROOM (CENTRE), WITH MOSAIC OF PAN; AND (ABOVE) THE ANDRON, OR MEN'S ROOM.



7. THE WIFE'S ROOM IN THE VILLA: A MOSAIC WITH THE INSCRIPTIONS "ΕΥΤΥΧΙΑ ΚΑΛΗ" (GOOD FORTUNE IS BEAUTIFUL) AND (CENTRE) "ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΕ ΚΑΛΗ."



8. THE ACHILLES MOSAIC IN THE PORTICO: WITHIN A BEAUTIFUL BORDER, THETIS APPROACHES HER SON; WITH NEREIDS FOLLOWING ON SEA-SERPENTS, THE FIRST BRINGING THE SHIELD, THE SECOND THE SPEAR AND HELMET.

In his article on the opposite page, Professor David M. Robinson describes the brilliantly successful excavations undertaken this year at Olynthus by the Johns Hopkins University Expedition. Olynthus was in Chalcidice, about thirty-five miles south of Saloniki; and, although situated in Macedonia, was a fully Greek city, prominent as head of a Chalcidian league of cities, and, during the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., representative of the flower of Greek civilisation and art. The city was totally destroyed by Philip of Macedon in 348 B.C. The excavations there have revealed for the first time the complete system of streets of a classical Greek city, and make



9. IN THE ANDRON OF THE VILLA: THE DIONYSUS MOSAIC, PERFECTLY PRESERVED—THE GOD OF WINE IN HIS CHARIOT, DRAWN BY PANTHERS, WITH A WINGED EROS ABOVE AND A HORNED SATYR AHEAD; AND WITH MÆNADS ALL AROUND.

it worthy to rank as a "Greek Pompeii." One of the most important discoveries was the beautiful suburban villa called the "Villa of Good Fortune," to which all the illustrations on this page (except that in the middle) relate. It contains five unique mosaics, the "most important Hellenic mosaics known anywhere," and the only ones before the time of Alexander that have inscriptions. The mosaics are done with superb skill in natural coloured pebbles—black, white, red, yellow, and green. It remains to add that the numbers under the photographs, here and on the two pages following, correspond with Professor Robinson's references in his article.

LIFE IN A CITY OF CLASSICAL GREECE: OBJECTS OF HOME AND DECORATIVE USE FROM OLYNTHUS.

10. AN END ROOF-TILE, OR ANTEFIX, IN TERRA-COTTA FROM OLYNTHUS; WITH A PALMETTE AND SCROLL PAINTED RED WITH BLUE IN THE DEPRESSIONS: A DEVICE TO CONCEAL THE HOLLOW PART AT THE OUTER EDGE OF THE ROOF.



11. A UNIQUE ROOF-TILE WITH THE INSCRIPTION "MENON KALOS" (MENON IS BEAUTIFUL)—CUT BY THE MASON AS HE LAID THE ROOF WHILE THE CLAY WAS STILL MOIST.



13. FROM A SKELETON IN AN OLYNTHIAN GRAVE: A MORTUARY DIADEM OF GILDED BRONZE MYRTLE LEAVES AND BERRIES.

12. A MOULD OF THE OLYNTHIAN TERRA-COTTA INDUSTRY: HOW A STANDING FEMALE FIGURE WAS MADE THERE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



14. A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE (18 CM. HIGH) OF HERMES AND HIS RAM—ALL PAINTED RED EXCEPT THE GARMENT, WHICH IS A BEAUTIFUL BLUE: FROM THE "VILLA OF GOOD FORTUNE."



15. AN ARCHAIC TERRA-COTTA MALE MASK OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C., FOUND ABOVE THE FEET OF A SKELETON IN THE RIVERSIDE CEMETERY AT OLYNTHUS.



16. A TERRA-COTTA VASE IN THE FORM OF A NEGRO'S HEAD, OF THE MIDDLE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.: A STRIKING AND REALISTIC PIECE OF WORK.



17. A FEMALE TERRA-COTTA MASK OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: ONE OF THE THOUSAND AND MORE SUCH MASKS AND FIGURINES FOUND THIS YEAR.

The excavations at Olynthus this year were even more productive of interesting results than the campaigns of 1928 and 1931, which were illustrated respectively in our issues of May 26, 1928, and of January 23 and 30, 1932. Apart from the general point made by Professor Robinson in his article on page 766, that "our Olynthian Hellenic houses fill a lost chapter in the history of domestic architecture," an extraordinary number of detailed discoveries was made, giving intimate glimpses of everyday life in this city of classical Greece. It is archaeology in its most fascinating form.

Of certain of the objects illustrated on this page, Professor Robinson writes: "As to Fig. 11 . . . Menon may have been the owner of the house or the tile-maker's favourite boy. The terra-cotta masks and figurines, of which we have over 1000 this year, illustrate the history of Greek art from the sixth century (Fig. 15), through the fifth (Figs. 12 and 17), to the period just before the destruction (348 B.C.), when caricature types such as the negro (Fig. 16) became common." Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon, totally destroyed Olynthus before attacking Greece proper.

HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS OF CLASSICAL GREECE:

A BRAZIER; A WASHBASIN; BRONZE DISCS; AND BATH-TUBS—
FROM OLYNTHUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION. SEE ALSO PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S ARTICLE ON PAGE 766.



(LEFT)
18. AN EXAMPLE OF THE BRONZE WARES FOUND IN HOUSES AT OLYNTHUS: A DISC FOR ATTACHMENT TO A WOODEN DOOR, WITH A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE FOR THE INSERTION OF THE KEY.



(RIGHT)
19. A BRONZE DISC FROM OLYNTHUS; SHOWING THE SMALL HOLES BY WHICH IT WAS ATTACHED TO A WOODEN DOOR, LIKE THE EXAMPLE SHOWN ON THE LEFT.



20. "THE PERFECT GREEK BRONZE BRAZIER," FOUND HIDDEN UNDER THE FLOOR TO ESCAPE PHILIP'S SOLDIERS: A UNIQUE VESSEL, TO HOLD HOT COALS, OR, WHEN TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, TO BE USED FOR WASHING.



21. THE BATHROOM OF AN OLYNTHIAN HOUSE; WITH TERRA-COTTA HIP-BATH STILL IN ITS PLACE OF NEARLY 2300 YEARS AGO: A BEAUTIFUL ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY—SHOWING ALSO THE ROUND MARBLE BASIN AND MORTAR (CENTRE).



22. ONE OF THREE TERRA-COTTA WASHBASINS FOUND AT OLYNTHUS, SUCH AS ARE STILL USED IN HOUSES IN MACEDONIA AND TURKEY; ITS PIPE TO GO THROUGH THE WALL AND CARRY THE WASTE WATER INTO THE STREET.



23. A TERRA-COTTA BATH-TUB IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION AT OLYNTHUS, WHERE ONE HOUSE HAD TWO BATHROOMS ON THE GROUND FLOOR: EVIDENCE OF THE SOLID COMFORT WHICH THE CITIZENS ENJOYED IN THEIR PRIVATE HOMES.

A bright light is thrown on everyday life in a city of fourth-century Greece by these extremely interesting discoveries at Olynthus; and proof is afforded that the Greeks were not lacking in many modern "home comforts." Professor Robinson writes, in his article on page 766: "Often bathrooms occur with terra-cotta hip-baths still in place (Figs. 21 and 23). One house had two bathrooms on the ground floor. The furniture was of wood, and so the couches and chairs disappeared in Philip's conflagration. . . . We find good terra-cotta pipes for drainage, as well as cisterns, washbasins and lavatories. . . . The perfect Greek

bronze brazier (Fig. 20), discovered hidden under the floor level in a corner of a house to escape the eyes of Philip's soldiers, is unique. It is 35 centimetres high and 66 broad, with two handles, of which the curved ends take the form of snakes' heads. . . . When the brazier was not used for holding hot coals to warm the hands or for cooking purposes or as a hearth, it could be turned upside down and employed for washing. It is covered with a beautiful blue patina. For washing the dishes and the hands there was such an elliptical terra-cotta basin as is seen in Fig. 22."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE SWEET- OR SPANISH-CHESTNUT, AND "CONKERS."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

LAST year I had such an enormous crop of sweet-chestnuts (*Castanea sativa*) that I imagined there would be but a small gleaning this year. I was, however, much mistaken. I have seven trees in all, and in July they were absolutely laden with their long "flower-spikes," which I hope to describe in detail on another occasion, presenting as they do a most striking contrast with the flowers of the horse-chestnut (*Pyrus sorbus*), but belonging, however, to a very different family.

One of the most striking peculiarities of their spikes is that they present two different forms, one maturing long before the other. The earliest may attain to a length of as much as 11 in. While they are yet in their full splendour there will be found, arising from the base of the tiny, spike-armoured shell of the growing nut, a short spike bearing unopened "flower-buds." When I first saw them, long ago, I supposed that these were barren spikes. But this is not so. After all the long spikes have fallen from the tree, these apparently barren stems proceed to mature the flowers and pollen. This is strange. What useful purpose can they serve? For the ovules were all fertilised long since. Again, one is at a loss to account for the vast production of the long flower-spikes, which cover the ground like a great mat for a wide space all round the tree. Enormous quantities of pollen must be wasted. But this much is true of all trees. This year the oaks are laden with nuts. Of course, growing in gardens or hedgerows, few

(*Pyrus sorbus*) in all this is very different, for the shell, I believe, never contains more than one nut. In appearance it bears a general resemblance to the chestnut, but it differs in one very striking feature.

of the spines in the horse-chestnut is equally mysterious. In neither case do they protect the nut when the spiny shells drop to the ground, for then they open and the nuts fall out.

Are the nuts of the horse-chestnut ever eaten, either by man or beast? I have failed, so far, to get an answer to this question. The name "horse-chestnut" was evidently bestowed on account of the likeness of its nuts to those of the "sweet" or "Spanish," chestnut, for the two trees are in no way related to one another, as their flowers clearly show. For those of the horse-chestnut are brightly coloured, to attract bees and other insects to act as pollen-carriers; while those of the sweet-chestnut are wind-fertilised, and the precise structure of the tiny flowers, clustered together on long spikes, requires the aid of a microscope, and an intimate knowledge of structural botany, to interpret them. Nevertheless, I suspect that the minute thrips which I constantly find lurking in the long spikes may play a part in fertilisation.

Anxious to find some authoritative statements as to the age and size attained by these two trees, I turned to a number of books on botany for information—and gleaned but little for my trouble. My largest tree has a diameter of 4 ft. 3 in. and a circumference of 12 ft. 10 in. But one of my books gives a diameter of no less than "20 metres"! Evidently a very large mistake has occurred here! The height of my tree I estimate at 60 ft., and I believe I am not far wrong. As touching the flowering age, there is,



I. THE SPANISH-CHESTNUT IN FULL FLOWER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A TREE IN JULY; SHOWING THE PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF MALE FLOWER SPIKES.

or none of these nuts can ever become trees. But let us go back in imagination to the time before man appeared on the earth, or even during, say, the Stone Age. Then only heavy-bearing trees had a chance of leaving descendants. For there were wild boars and countless other animals, which fed greedily on these plenteous feasts. And of the survivors, most would be eaten by deer and other animals, long before they were more than a foot high. And what is true of the oak is true of all other trees. But, bearing as they do for several hundred years, they contrive to keep their place in the sun.

There is another curious feature about the nuts of the sweet-chestnut. When the thorny shells fall to the ground, they presently split into three, revealing three nuts. But of these, no more than two have ever matured, the third being squeezed almost flat. Sometimes there may be three nuts fairly well packed, but they are all small. Now the horse-chestnut



2. TWO OF THE SHORT, DEGENERATE, MALE SPIKES OF THE SPANISH CHESTNUT, WHICH DO NOT DEVELOP POLLEN TILL THE LONG SPIKES HAVE SHED THEIRS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE RIPENING POLLEN ON THE ANTER STALKS, AND TWO YOUNG CHESTNUTS FORMING AT THE BASE.

For the sweet-chestnut, as shown in the accompanying photograph, always shows the shrivelled pistils. In the horse-chestnut the whole surface of the nut is perfectly smooth and red, save the scar by which it was attached to the shell.

The shells of these two types of nut also contrast strongly. For in the horse-chestnut it bears a few spines, varying much in size and somewhat sparsely distributed. In the Spanish- or sweet-chestnut, on the other hand, the shells present the appearance of miniature hedgehogs, and the spines are very sharp. But more than this. They are not single spines, as in the horse-chestnut, but comprise a number of small needles spread out from the top of a short column, as may be seen in Fig. 3. What can be the inciting cause to the formation of such remarkable spines, and what function do they serve? They may well protect the growing nuts, on the lower branches, from deer and other animals. But what creatures are



4. THE TWO KINDS OF MALE-FLOWER SPIKES IN THE SPANISH CHESTNUT: THE LONG "WOOLLY" SPIKES, WHICH FLOWER FIRST; AND TWO OF THE SHORT DEGENERATE SPIKES (A) WHICH DO NOT DEVELOP POLLEN TILL THE LONG SPIKES HAVE SHED THEIRS.

apparently, a wide range. Maturity—the time of first flowering—seems to range from six to ten years for very precocious specimens, to twenty or thirty years for those growing under normal conditions, up to forty or sixty years when growing crowded together or under other adverse influences. And no less divergent are the estimates as to the maximum span of life. The Spanish-chestnut, according to some authorities, lives for 500 years; but other estimates give as much as 1000 years.

The wood of the sweet-chestnut is far superior to oak, where buildings are concerned. The rafters in Westminster Hall were of oak, and a year or two ago they were found riddled by



3. HORSE- AND SPANISH-CHESTNUTS IN THEIR SHELLS: THE FRUIT OF TREES WHICH ARE IN NO WAY RELATED TO EACH OTHER, YET BOTH PRODUCE NUTS WITH SHELLS ARMED WITH SPINES WHOSE EXACT PURPOSE IT IS DIFFICULT TO DECIDE.

detected from eating or damaging the fruit on the upper branches? There seems at present no possible way of accounting for this extremely complex type of armature. Though simple in structure, the usefulness

"death-watch" beetles, and had to be replaced. But the builders of that famous church at Ewelme, near Wallingford, dating from 1436, chose the Spanish-chestnut; and the rafters there are still as sound as ever.



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WE are notoriously a nation of animal-lovers, and we express our delight in dumb creatures in various ways. Some of us murmur baby-language to bulgy-eyed lap-dogs from Peking; some pursue the fox in a most invigorating and expensive manner, explaining that the rascal enjoys the chase as much as we do; others write to the papers announcing with pride a record slaughter of pheasants, regretting the continued existence of the traffic in worn-out horses to the Continent, or demanding the immediate abolition of bull-fights in Spain. Mr. Landseer's leonine pussy-cats guard Nelson in Trafalgar Square; Peter Pan with his rabbits moves us to a mild sentimentality in Kensington Gardens; while, not far away, a gaunt and heavy-handed Rima does her earnest best not to frighten away the dicky-birds. There used to be Staffordshire cats and dogs on cottage mantelpieces, but, speaking broadly, we chain up our creatures in stone or other material out of doors—certainly we have never acquired the habit of making them ornaments of a dinner-table. Stoneware tavern mugs from Fulham are to be found which are embossed with running hounds, but I cannot think of a single piece of English silver which has made use of animal motives. Walk round any great cathedral, turn over the leaves of almost any mediæval manuscript, and you will find the most entrancing birds and beasts: it is quite obvious that our remote ancestors had a direct and unsentimental feeling for wild life, which our own enlightened age can scarcely hope to recapture. Do not great lords and ladies sleep for ever on their sculptured monuments with their feet resting



2. A DOG WITH INDIVIDUALITY: A DELIGHTFUL PIECE OF SILVERWORK MADE IN REGENSBURG ABOUT 1550.

upon their faithful hounds? And do not monkeys play about amid the intricacies of noble capital letters in Books of Hours? Taking Europe as a whole, the best dogs appear in art before the year 1500—for proof of this, see almost any mediæval tapestry; compared with them, the dogs Gainsborough was fond of introducing into his pictures are but half-alive. Of the great painters, Velasquez alone has real insight into canine character, and his understanding is illuminated by so formidable a technical mastery that the beasts really do seem to exist apart from time and space.

In one part of Europe—as far as I know, in one only—the use of animal design for decoration was so popular, and appeared so obvious a method of lending interest to utensils for the table, that the silversmith would sometimes make a little creature do duty as a finial, or turn a bird or beast into a drinking cup. One finds a similar fashion in seventeenth-century Holland; but it is in the German-speaking countries that the taste for this particular method of decorating silver seems to have been, as it were, endemic. A good deal of what has survived of the silverwork of the sixteenth-century German masters

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN FASHION: ANIMALS IN SILVER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

is too rich and intricate for our present-day prejudices, but how restrained and delightful it can be is seen very well in the tankard and cover of Fig. 1, made in Salzburg about the year 1570. At that time we also were not afraid of giving to important pieces all the devices of the workshop, but it never occurred to us to place a squirrel on the apex of a cover—we much preferred rather recondite classical allusions. The unknown maker of this piece (we know his initials, V. H., but not his full name) does not forget his classics, if we may judge by the engraving on the

encouraged—to linger a long time over details of construction—in this case, for example, the singularly pleasant curve of the handle, and the cunning way the projecting rim of the upper band is continued a little way along this handle. The longer one looks at a thing of real quality like this, the more one notices minor refinements; but, when all is said and done, the main test is one of form. Over-decoration can conceal good form, but can never quite destroy it; but in all the best works of art, decoration is invariably subordinate to line and mass—and this piece seems to

me to exhibit unusual harmonies in an age when by no means every silversmith was solidly grounded in such obvious sound doctrine as the above. At the risk of being accused of seeing subtleties which are not actually present, I venture to draw your attention to what is to me a very pretty and effective trick; perhaps it was unintentional on the part of V. H.—anyway, I find the repetition of a segment of the curve of the handle in the curve of the squirrel's tail and back entrancing, and I believe that this has something to do with the generally satisfactory character of this piece. Call this circumstance a fluke, if you like—handles must be curved, and so must squirrels' tails—it is none the less very effective.

Fig. 3, the sixteenth-century ram, with a highly stylised, curly fleece, is a well-observed creature who manages to preserve a strange archaic character, as if he still remembered a famous ancestor with a golden fleece in pursuit of whom Jason and his companions made a tragic voyage when the world was young. This treatment of a woolly coat springs, of course, from the exigencies of the craft of working in metals, but it is worth remarking that a not dissimilar formula is to be seen in early Greek sculpture, and, unless my memory is gravely at fault, in pieces as early as those found by Mr. Leonard Woolley at Ur: it is somehow a little disconcerting to find a Renaissance German working on the same lines. The other two illustrations call for little comment. The dog is purely naturalistic,



1. A SQUIRREL ON A GERMAN SILVER TANKARD: A CHARMING FORM OF DECORATION DEVISED BY THE SILVERWORKER "V. H." AND EXECUTED AT SALZBURG ABOUT 1570.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. S. J. Phillips.

lower band; but this plays a quite subordinate part in the scheme. We can almost imagine him saying: "I must have a Cupid or two somewhere, if only to show that my clients are people of education; but I know very well that their real interest is in the woods and fields." So he models his squirrel for the cover, and engraves the upper half of the tankard with a most spirited hunting scene—a scene so fresh and vigorous, by the way, that it is a reminder that, some years previous to this, there was hardly a painter but started life at a goldsmith's bench as a matter of course.

With pieces of silver, as with many other works of art of convenient size, the eye is tempted—indeed,



3. A RAM WHOSE DELIGHTFUL QUALITIES SHOULD ENDEAR HIM TO ALL ANIMAL-LOVERS: A PIECE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN SILVERWORK, ADMIRABLY STYLISED AND ENTIRELY FREE FROM FALSE SENTIMENT.

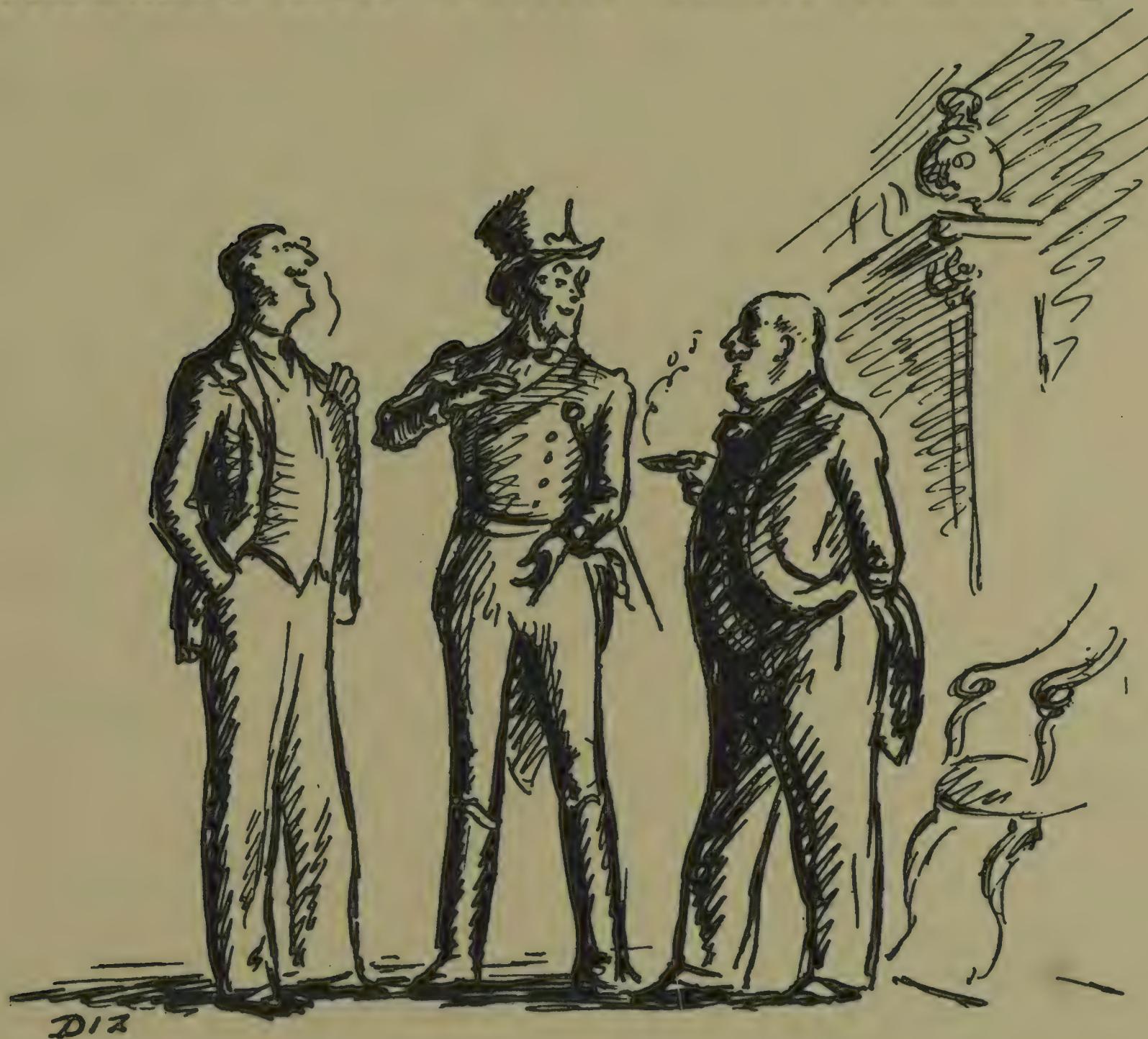
though he would look odd at Crufts—he has much charm, if little dignity; while the owl is a bird of great dignity, though one can hardly call him charming: but what a character!

It is by no means impossible that our own times in this country will in due course give birth to a fashion for similar little menageries as part of our domestic silver—stranger things have happened. If so, we shall merely be reverting to the habits of Augsburg and Salzburg in the sixteenth century. Perhaps we shall go much further, and make far greater use of animal motives in external decoration. Even if we do that, we shall not even then be so extraordinarily original, for I see Professor Maiuri announces in the *Times* the restoration of a great doorway at Pompeii, which, he says, "is admirably carved with a large spiral spray issuing from a bush of acanthus leaves; between the volutes, amid leaves and flowers, a little animal world is depicted, hares and dogs in full cry, birds, grasshoppers and butterflies, serpents and lizards, together with less noble creatures, such as blackbeetles, flies and snails."



4. "OWLISHNESS" EMBODIED: A BIRD RENDERED WITH CONSIDERABLE SPIRIT AND SENSE OF HUMOUR BY TOBIAS KRAMER, OF AUGSBURG—DATING FROM ABOUT 1595.

He said to me—I've tried many whiskies and found them wanting . . .



I said to him—then the one you're wanting is Johnnie Walker . . !

BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG . . !



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

A STRIKING indication of the lasting qualities of British cars is afforded by an analysis of the demand for lubrication charts for obsolete models



THE ROVER 1935 TWELVE SALOON: A CAR WITH HANDSOME LINES.

on the Wakefield Stand at Olympia, where a record total of 33,000 charts was distributed during the nine days of the Show. An appreciable percentage of the charts distributed covered models of British make that are now between seven and eight years old. Charts for 1932 models accounted for 16 per cent. of the demand. In the case of 1933 cars the demand was slightly larger, amounting to roughly 19 per cent. Over 19,000 charts, or very nearly 60 per cent. of all that were distributed, were for last year's models. The latest official returns state that 202,737 new cars were registered in Great Britain for the eleven months ending Aug. 31 last. As favourable reports from the dealers on sales of cars during September give every hope that over 11,000 cars were sold during that month, the year's sales of 1934 cars would be about 214,000.

On every side it is agreed that the last Olympia Show was a triumph for the coachbuilder's art, and the task of judging the numerous beautiful examples displayed must have been one of great difficulty. It is therefore all the more credit to those concerns which scored honours amongst such a plethora of excellence both of design and craftsmanship. That widely known and old-established firm, Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., of Cricklewood, recorded a well-deserved win with the extremely elegant Continental saloon on the 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis which was so greatly admired on their stand. This exhibit was awarded the Coachmakers' Silver Cup in Section Two of the Owner-drivers' Class. In addition, this firm carried off the Institute Bronze

Medal for the Humber Sedanca de Ville, in Section One, Large Closed Bodies. To Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, was awarded the Silver Medal in Section Four, in respect of the very handsome and luxurious coachwork fitted to the Pullman limousine displayed on their stand.

The attention of the authorities has been drawn by the R.A.C. to the lack of progress which has been made in all parts of the country in erecting "Major Road Ahead" signs, warning drivers of the proximity of road junctions. The R.A.C. has surveyed some thousands of miles of classified

roads during the past two years, and has prepared detailed schedules for directional and other signposting. Consequent upon this survey the Club has supplied for erection a vast number of new signs of varying types, thus saving the various highway authorities large sums of money, and an enormous amount of time and trouble.

In common with other motoring organisations, the R.A.C. is not permitted to supply "Major Road Ahead" signs, although this is one of the most important signs in use to-day. It might be expected that, many other necessary road-signs having been provided gratis by the R.A.C., local authorities would themselves have been prepared to push on with the erection of the "Major Road Ahead" signs, especially in view of their very urgent need on the roads. The opposite has been the case. The R.A.C. points out that, whilst there is a general concentration on experimental safety measures in built-up areas, the same attention is not being given to non-urban roads. There appears to be a risk, particularly,

[Continued overleaf.]



A ROYAL CAR: THE HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE JUST BOUGHT BY H.R.H. PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK, A SISTER OF KING CHRISTIAN. The car was supplied to her Royal Highness by Messrs. British Motors, the Humber Distributors in Copenhagen.

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Continued.
that the great importance of the "Major Road Ahead" sign in effecting safety by deciding the precedence of traffic at road junctions may be forgotten. This sign imposes upon the driver on the minor road the onus of avoiding a collision with traffic on the major road.

This sign was introduced in 1929. In spite of official encouragement, only a mere handful has so far been erected. The R.A.C. has suggested to the Ministry of Transport, therefore, that it might be desirable for the Ministry to issue a circular urging highway authorities to hasten, as much as possible, the erection of these important signs, and by instituting a time limit for the work to qualify for the financial grant, considerable inducement would be supplied to push forward with their erection.

The R.A.C. Veteran Car Run will take place from London to Brighton on Sunday, Nov. 18. The start will be at 9 a.m. from the City of London Garage, Wilson Street, Finsbury, and the cars will proceed via Moorgate, the Bank, Queen Victoria Street, the Victoria Embankment, and Westminster Bridge. This is the first time that the run has started in, and has passed through, the City of London, and the route to be followed will enable a far greater number of people to see the cars than in previous years. The minimum age for competing cars is thirty years, and already over sixty entries have been received.

A clear warning that many important roads in Britain cannot accommodate more traffic than they carried in the past summer is given by the Automobile Association's annual traffic census taken in September. Although the number of vehicle licences increased by more than 100,000 in the first nine months of 1934, the average number of vehicles passing each A.A. census point declined slightly from the 1933 figures. This does not mean that the volume of traffic has ceased to grow, but that congestion at many points has resulted in traffic being attracted elsewhere. Whereas the flow of vehicles per day past each point averaged 4301 in 1933, it had declined to 4272 in 1934. During the 7 days of 11 hours while the census was being taken, 3,558,613 vehicles passed all points, compared with 3,252,050 in 1933, but several new census points were added this year.

Actually, of course, there was an increase of traffic at many points, but a most striking fact brought to light is that a point in the north now carries the greatest volume of traffic in the whole country. Last year Esher, on the Portsmouth Road, was the peak point of traffic density in Britain. This year Mere Corner, on the Knutsford-Warrington Road, leads handsomely, and Esher has dropped to fourth place. Ten of the fourteen largest totals, however, were recorded for points in the Home Counties, which thus retain their dominant position as the geographical area with the greatest traffic.

Putney Hill is now shown to be the busiest spot in the south. Traffic bound from London to the south and south-west—to Portsmouth, Southampton, Bournemouth—has increased remarkably since Putney Bridge was reconstructed. The effect on traffic of the widening and re-surfacing of the bridge is shown in striking fashion by the figures for total vehicles passing the Putney Hill point—

1932—48,611; 1933—81,007; 1934—109,095

This point was London's chief southern outlet, and out of 109,095 vehicles recorded at Putney, 64,928 were private cars. Private car traffic increased at 36 out of 41 points in the Home Counties. For the whole country an increase from 1,089,108 to 1,140,720, or 4.5 per cent., was recorded. On the Colchester road, however, 6303 fewer cars were observed, and Eastbourne and Hastings traffic declined by 533 cars. Surrey leads the Home Counties with 46,099 private cars per census point.

The greatest increase in all classes of traffic was in the Northumberland and Durham area—private cars 60 per cent., motor-cycles 15.4 per cent., and commercial vehicles 38.5 per cent. The remarkable comparative increase shown in this area probably represents a partial recovery towards the normal, rather than an absolute increase. The Liverpool and North Wales area showed the next best improvement in private cars (namely, 19 per cent.), and South Wales was third (10 per cent.). In the whole country the average number of private cars passing each point was 21,130 (21,128 in 1933). Motorcycles decreased by 392 per point (—13 per cent.), but commercial vehicles increased by 182 per point

(3 per cent.). At Causeway Head, near Stirling, which takes the traffic of the Glasgow-Inverness route, there was a decrease of 14.5 per cent. on last year's traffic.

These figures indicate where, if traffic continues to increase, more road facilities will be needed. The Automobile Association's annual census, taken since 1921, thus makes a contribution towards the national road construction policy. The largest numerical increases occur at Putney (28,028 vehicles per week) and South Mimms, Barnet By-Pass (24,855 per week) which are thus revealed as the most crowded "gateways" to London. The traffic at both these points has been directly encouraged by important highway facilities provided out of the Road Fund in the past decade.

"SWEET ALOES," AT WYNDHAM'S.

THIS is an extremely unconvincing play, and, though Miss Diana Wynyard played the rôle of Belinda Warren with superb technical skill, it was beyond even her art to make it ring true. Belinda, living with a maiden aunt in a Leicestershire village, has allowed herself to be seduced by the married son of the local squire, Lord Farrington. In the first act, written in light comedy vein, she informs an author friend that she is about to have a baby. Her friend acquaints Lord Farrington of the fact. The squire promptly offers to adopt the baby when born, and pass it off as his daughter-in-law's infant, she being unable to be a mother herself. How this was to be done without scandal was not explained. Belinda then went to America, and some years later we found her unhappily married to a very wealthy and charming man. It would seem that she was worrying as to the fate of her child, though why she should not have written to her ex-lover, or Lord Farrington, for news was again not explained. In act three, the father of her child, now succeeded to the title, and his wife appears on the scene. The two women have a heart-to-heart talk, and the production of a photograph assures Belinda of the health and happiness of her boy. The curtain falls on her implied intention of having a child "for keeps" by her American husband.

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P.3104A

ON THE TRACK OF THE OKAPI.

(Continued from Page 747.)

legs; but if necessary he can keep up for an entire day, perhaps even longer, that rolling and *raentsi* gallop of his without showing the slightest fatigue, at an average speed of six or seven miles an hour, which in the forest is remarkable. Enormous fallen trees suspended in mid-air, entanglements of lianas, sharp stumps, piercing thorns, steep climbs, huge stones or gluey swamps — nothing stops him!

What he can, he jumps; and the strength of his hind-legs is not less than that of a good Irish jumper. Where it would seem to be impossible, he passes under. His giraffe head, lowered, forms with the muscular neck and the strong withers a perfect arch, which penetrates and slips easily under an obstacle. The short, heavy mane which reaches to his tail, and the tough skin a quarter of an inch thick, protect him against the hardest scratchings. His big woodenish legs, which seem made only of bone, insensible to pain, bang against thick vines and green branches, breaking them as if they were dry sticks.

Any obstacle which the okapi can neither pass over nor under, he breaks down or passes through without hesitation. The horns, present only in the male, very short, and covered with skin except at the points, are of no consideration. But the bony plate, half an inch thick, which begins at the first vertebra and extends down until just above his eyes, under the impulse of a mass as high and heavy as that of a good horse, and of a determination ten times stronger, becomes a formidable battering-ram. I have myself seen an okapi breaking in this way a trunk of very hard wood a foot and a half in circumference with only one thrust of head, like that of a prehistoric animal, such as the Samotherium of the Lower Pliocene in Europe. Anything that defeats even that battering-ram is quickly put out of action by what may be called his heavy artillery. *Gauche* as he is, with movements apparently slow and mechanical, but actually sharp and determined, the okapi turns and gives one kick; two kicks if indispensable, but very seldom, for few obstacles can resist that cannon-shot. Through the breach thus made, he forces his way, the head almost touching the knees, forming a mask pointed as a torpedo. Having passed through, he continues his gallop, his sure feet never stumbling, never slipping, even in the gluey mud of the insidious morass.

With a temperament so cold and courageous and stubborn, and with such weapons at his disposal, it is easy to understand how the okapi is no less feared than desired by the natives, whom, in case of necessity, he does not hesitate to charge, careless of their spears and arrows. I had an instance of this when I finally captured an adult male. Furious because my fifty natives had left me alone before the animal, I did not even have the time to shout

to them to come down from the trees into which they had climbed, quick as monkeys, when already the okapi was on me, and with a single thrust of his head had thrown me several yards away. Even when the small one I captured later, a baby of less than two months, docile and sweet as a lamb, approached a native of the camp, perhaps only to seek a caress, that was enough to make that native run away at full speed.

Another peculiarity of the okapi is his blue tongue, the extraordinary length of which, sixteen or seventeen inches, seems to be justified only by his mania for the most fastidious cleanliness. It coils and uncoils in the most remarkable way, and with it the okapi licks carefully almost all of his head, helped by the flexibility of his neck; and practically all the rest of his coat, particularly the inner parts of the thighs and the lower part of the legs, which are always spotless, with their decorative markings in pure white, deep black, and chocolate brown in their a-symmetrical designs adorning the outer portions.

His first pursuit in the morning, as the last before going to sleep, is to bathe in the river; not rolling in the water, but galloping through it, taking good care to choose a place where the bottom is sandy, so that the water splashing him all over in an inverted shower cannot become muddy. Then, in a clearing, under the comparatively mild rays of the rising or setting sun, he carefully dries himself with his tongue. This craze for cleanliness makes the okapi the cleanest, most odourless animal in all Africa, and keeps him entirely free from ticks and flies, although the forest in which he lives is perhaps the dirtiest place of the whole continent, with its greyish or reddish mud, its humidity, excessive quantities of vegetable matter in putrefaction, and its numberless parasites.

The methods of attempting to capture an okapi which the natives proposed to me were unattractive. For to jump upon a mother in the act of nursing her little one, kill her and throw ropes over the young; or to hunt a mother with dogs until the small one, exhausted, fell behind and could be pounced upon, in addition to being in my opinion stupidly and unnecessarily cruel, would have defeated my primary object in capturing a young one—that is, to give him the least possible fright and avoid absolutely the killing of the mother.

For the same reasons I discarded the plan of trying to surround the okapis with a hundred natives and pygmies, and drive them against a long net, through which the adults could pass, but the young would find themselves entangled, or toward a palisade in which they would be held prisoners. Moreover, I well knew how the natives lose their heads on such occasions, and I did not want to be responsible for the prohibited animals which, in the heat of the hunt, they would undoubtedly have killed. For the capture of other rare animals, such as the Uganda

bongo,¹ loops hidden in the vegetation along the path usually followed by the animals have been successfully used. But I had to renounce this scheme also, because of the irregular habits of the okapis and their exceptional cunning.

The one thing that remained for me to do, therefore, was to resort to the system of traps—pits ten feet deep, three feet wide, and eight feet long, masked with sticks and leaves. More than forty we made, one for every track, old or fresh, leading to the clearing of the Mutwegwe; and to avoid the risk of animals falling into them and breaking their legs, I lined the bottoms with thick mattresses of leaves. When everything was ready, and every trap and the sandy bank of the river liberally sprinkled with salt, of which the okapi is so fond, I withdrew all the men to the base of the expedition, Tembo Camp, leaving at Okapi Camp only two men, whose duty it was to inspect the pits daily and very quietly. Naturally, this work had taken a great deal of time. For some weeks more we were compelled to undertake an almost unproductive labour to repair the pits that elephants and leopards had demolished, without, of course, remaining imprisoned. But the okapis would arrive at the edges of the holes, sometimes even slip into one with a front leg, and then run away.

One finally fell into one of the traps, remaining there in perfect condition. Our joy, which it is easy to imagine, lasted, however, but a short time—thirty-six hours—during which, under the burning sun and violent storms, we worked without rest, first to try to anaesthetise the magnificent animal in order to transport him to the base camp in a condition where he would not suffer too much from nervousness; then, as no anaesthetic availed to overpower the animal's strong resistance, to excavate an exit from the pit and build a palisade of big strong trunks surrounding it, in which to keep the okapi until—I hoped—he would become tame enough to be transported quietly.

My companions being away at other camps, and my men perched on the tops of the trees, I had to work alone the last two hours to dig away the final partition of soil before the hole. The okapi, which until that time had constantly kicked and butted his head against the walls of the hole, for those last two hours had kept very quiet, looking at me as if he understood I was trying to free him from his narrow prison. I had even the sweet illusion that he had really calmed down, and was beginning to be affected by the words that I had been continually speaking to him in the tone of voice one adopts to a restless horse.

But as soon as the last soil fell away and I was out of the palisade, the okapi, which certainly resented more than anything else all the mud which had soiled him in the hole, hesitated not a moment. A bang with the head against

(Continued overleaf.)

¹ See *The Illustrated London News* of Aug. 27, 1932, Feb. 4 and Oct. 21, 1933, and Jan. 27, 1934.

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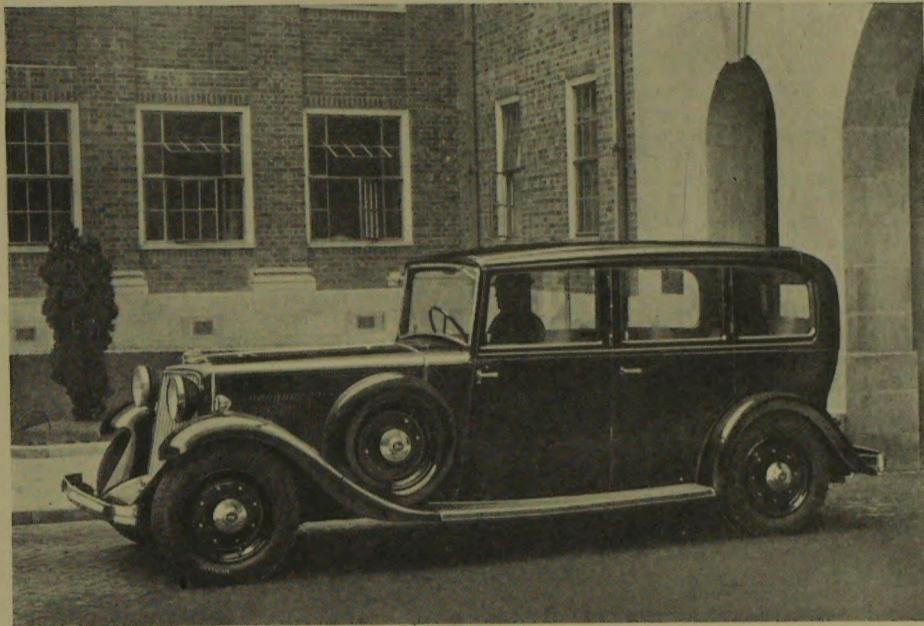
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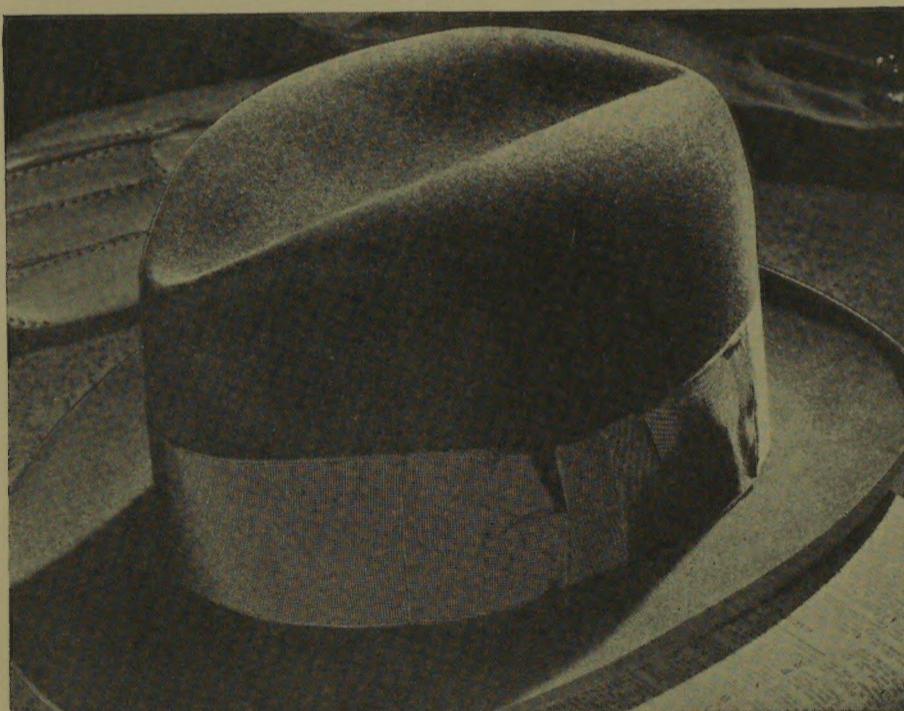
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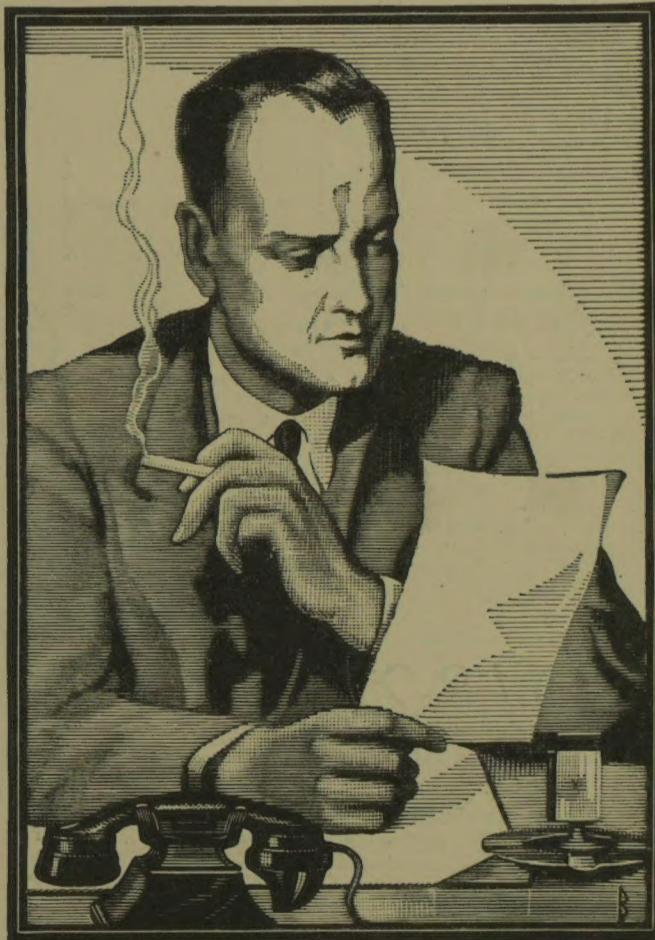
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the palisade, a kick, another bang with the head, and I who had tried to stop him found myself with my legs in the air several yards away, as I have mentioned before, while the okapi galloped away, disappearing into the vegetation, toward the bath of which he must have been dreaming for hours. While I was picking myself up I was less distressed by my various pains than by the realisation that not even the pit system was practicable, and that if I wanted to capture and to keep in good health the okapis to be brought to the London "Zoo," I must devise some new plan.²

² The plan by which Commander Gatti eventually succeeded in capturing a young okapi was described in his article in our last issue. By simulating the crash of a great tree—the one thing okapis fear—the hunters drove a mother with a young one out of an impenetrable thicket to which she had retreated. The mother darted away, while the young okapi was easily caught.

EXCAVATIONS AT OLYNTHUS.

(Continued from Page 766.)

found near the house, and which gave us a clue as to where to dig, mentions Thyneainetus, the son of Andron, as having purchased the house from Apollodorus, the son of Chalcon, but it is uncertain whether this inscription applies to this house or not. We have called the house the House of Thyneainetus, the House of the Veiled Ladies, the House of Beautiful Love, the House of Gaiety, the House of Dionysus, the House of Achilles and Thetis, and the House of Five Mosaics; but the "Villa of Good Fortune" seems the most appropriate title, as two inscriptions on the mosaics mention "Good Fortune," and the owner was certainly a man of success and good fortune. The villa may once have belonged to Dicaeus, who was an important magistrate at Olynthus, whose name appears on large silver coins, if this is not the name of the artist who did the mosaics. This is the only explanation I can find for the appearance of this name on the mosaic in the rear of the room with the inscription "Good Fortune." Perhaps Dicaeus purchased the house from Thyneainetus. There is a distance of some 39 metres between this house and the House of the Warrior to the north, where we found an iron sword and dagger and three hoards of silver coins in vases buried near the walls of the house.

In the villa were found many painted terra-cotta figurines and plastic vases. Fig. 14 shows a prettily coloured Hermes (18 centimetres high) of the end of the fifth century in a Polyclitan attitude. But the most startling discovery was five mosaics which are unique, the earliest

ever found with definite mythological scenes, and the most important Hellenic mosaics known anywhere, the only ones before the age of Alexander with inscriptions, done not in square cubes, as in Roman and Byzantine mosaics, but in natural pebbles, black, white, red, yellow, and green. One mosaic (Fig. 7) was found in the north-east room of the villa saying, in reverse order, "Eutychia kale" (Good Fortune is beautiful). In the centre is an inscription, "Aphrodite kale" (Love is beautiful), and in the same room we have the swastika, Hitler's symbol of good fortune, and the double-axe. This was evidently the wife's room, where Love was beautiful. Her name may have been Eutychia, or Good Fortune, and in the entrance room (Fig. 5) was the Wheel of Fortune, a circle, and the words "Agathe Tyche" (Good Fortune), with the inscription at the back: "To Dicaeus." In the foreground is the letter Alpha, and in the background, Sigma. The men's room, or andron (Fig. 4), the main living-room, with a beautiful raised border painted yellow, was in the north-west corner. Here in the central sunken area (Fig. 9) is a large complete mosaic of some fifty thousand pebbles, representing Dionysus in a red chariot drawn by two panthers, a winged Eros above, and a horned satyr with thyrsus running ahead. All around are Maenads, with thyrsi, tortoises, tambourines, vases, and other symbols, dancing, while a satyr (the figure at the lower right) with animal tail and ears plays the double flute. On one side behind Dionysus dances the god Pan, with horns on his head and goat's legs. In the entrance to the men's room is a Pan with two horns and with goat's legs, dressed in a tricot of a goat's skin on either side of a large crater or bowl for mixing wine and water, and in the portico is a long mosaic (Fig. 8). Within a beautiful border of wave pattern, meanders, and scrolls, and palmettes at either end, sits a nude Achilles (so inscribed) at the left, on a rock covered by his clothes, as perhaps in the east pediment of the Parthenon. Thetis (inscribed), in fine fifth-century attitude, approaches him with left hand on her hip and right hand outstretched. She is followed by two Nereids seated sideways on sea-serpents. The first has the shield, the second the spear and helmet. These are the weapons which in Homer Thetis brings herself to Achilles that he may avenge the death of Patroclus, but here, as often on vases, the Nereids bring the armour.

It is remarkable to have three contiguous mosaics. They are done in natural pebbles from the river, and have a life, beauty, and rhythm which is lacking in the mechanical Roman and Byzantine mosaics, which never are done in pebbles, but in square cubes. They show excellent drawing and composition, and are so similar to scenes on vases, but especially to woven designs, that both

probably go back to tapestries for their inspiration. Instead of paintings with mythological scenes on the walls, which have a nice smooth stucco in red and white bands, the owner of this villa preferred, as the Turk prefers rugs to pictures, to have mosaics. These mosaics date from the end of the fifth century B.C. or beginning of the fourth century B.C. The figure of the Manad about to strike a hind (lower left in Fig. 9) is paralleled by a fifth-century marble relief in Cassel, Germany, representing, in the same style and position, Artemis and a hind. Mosaics started in Greece long before Hellenistic times (which are reckoned from 323 B.C. on).

We have opened nearly two hundred graves this year, and they are of all types—open burials, cremation burials, interments in wooden sarcophagi or in tile-covered graves. Many vases were found filled with bones. Many skeletons were uncovered, with vases, terra-cottas, bronze strigils, and finger-rings and ear-rings and other offerings. One wore a beautiful wreath of myrtle leaves, rosettes, and berries, of gilded bronze (Fig. 13). In many cases four coins (instead of the usual one coin) were in the mouth, to pay Charon his fee for the last trip across the River Styx. Those, perhaps, had enjoyed prosperity in life and could afford a suite *de luxe*, but in many cases not a single coin was in the mouth, and such a person must have had his troubles with Charon, who perhaps took pity on the unfortunate who could find no employment or had lost all his money, and allowed him to work his way across the last river. A most remarkable find in the cemetery is a group of twenty-six skeletons of young people buried together, with only a few bronzes and vases and apparently with no coffins. They had probably died suddenly from a plague or epidemic.

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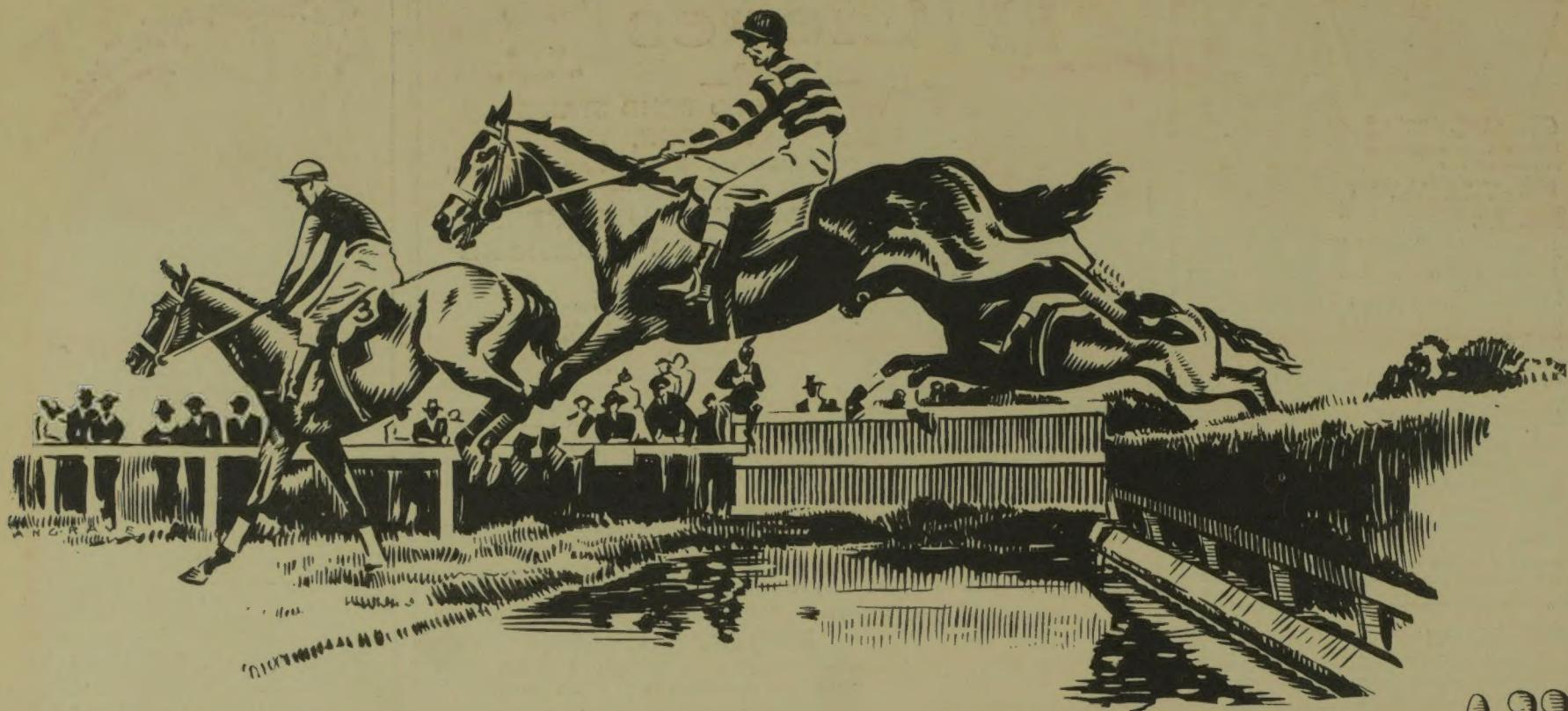
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